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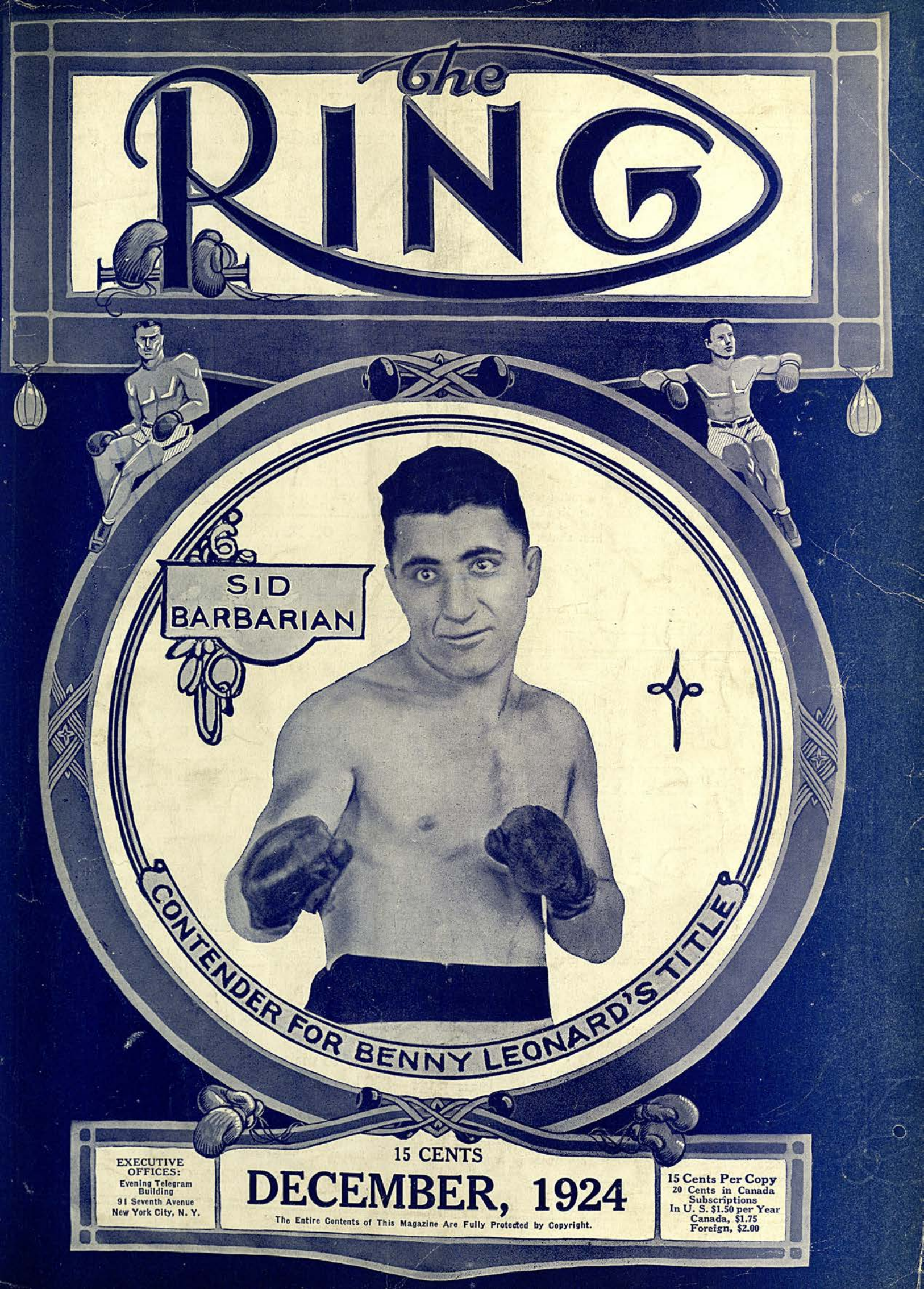

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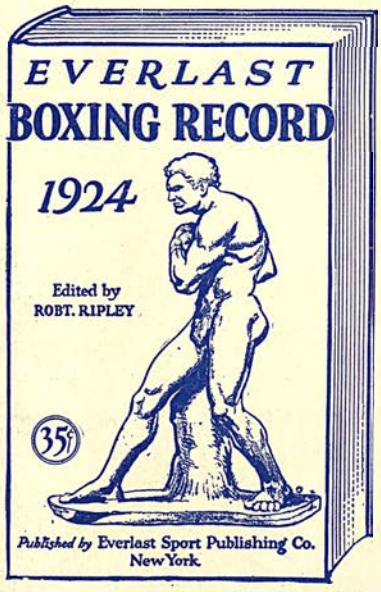

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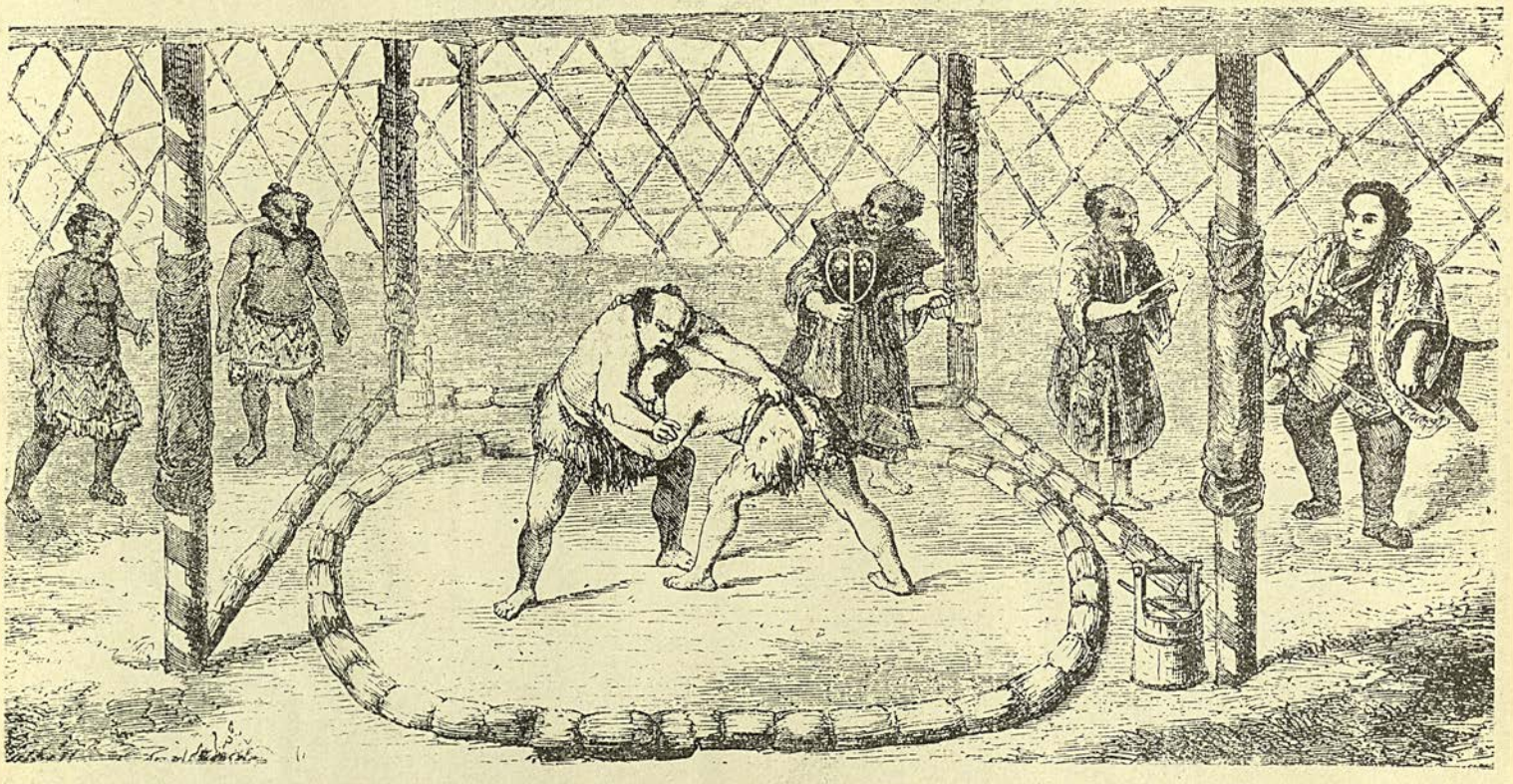
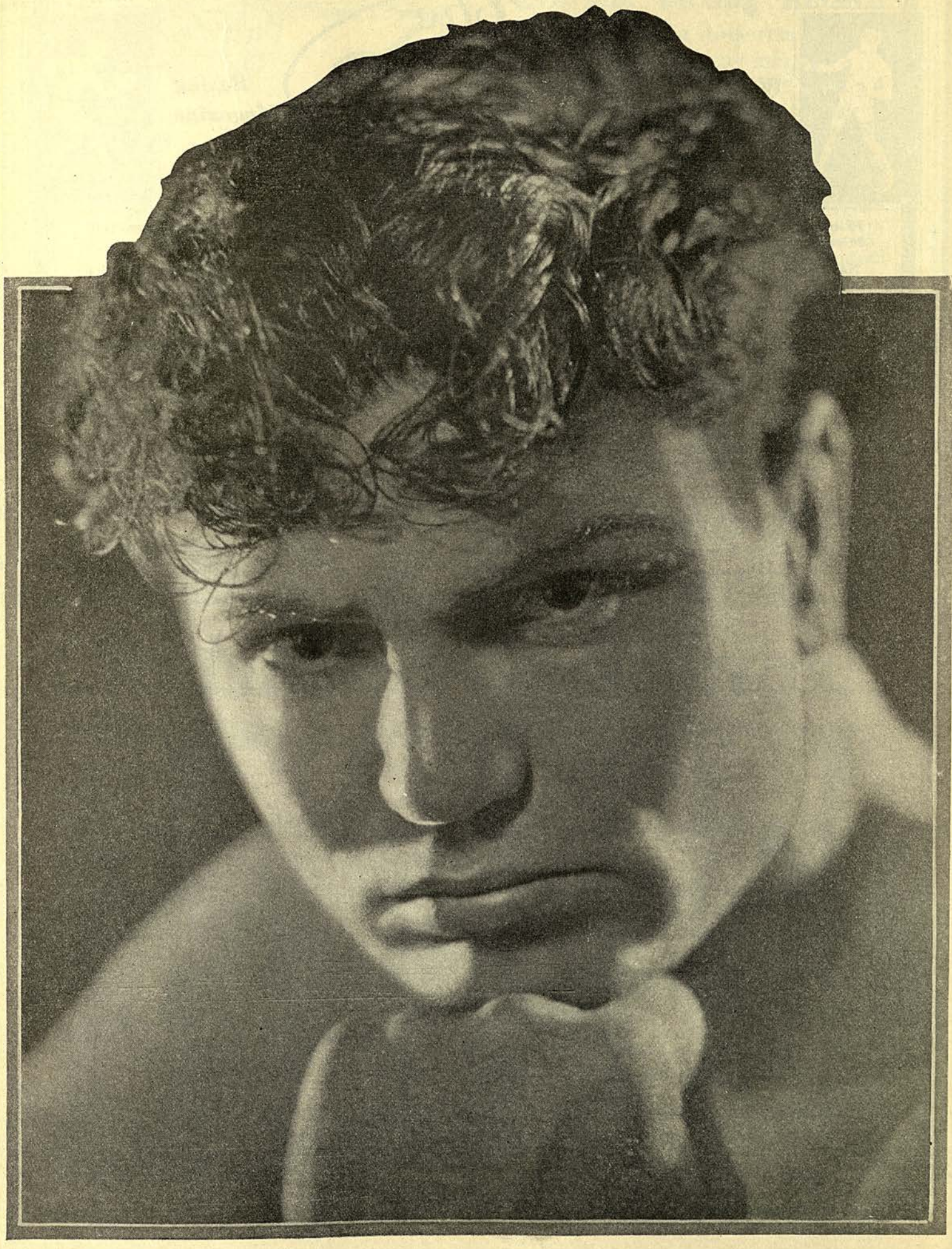


Open air wrestling in Japan. Note the position of the officials. Wrestling and jiu jitsu are two national sports in the land of the Nipponese.

Film and Fighting Face of World's Heavyweight Champion



Jack Dempsey dolled up for reel action

The Lambasting of "Slam" Mac Fee

(With apologies to R. W. Service)

By ROBERT L. McLOUGHLIN

THERE are some strange things done in boxing rings, by the boys who maul for gold;
The resin trails have their secret tales of heroes who got knocked cold;
The big arc lights have seen queer fights, but the queerest they ever did see,
Was the night when "Tony the One-round-Wop" lambasted "Slam" Mac Fee.

Now "Slam Mac Fee" was a Heavy, see, who could give and take good blows;
Why he took so many and didn't give any that night, God only knows;
He was always bold but he got knocked cold, and finished ahead of the bell;
Though he'd often say in his homely way that the Wop couldn't fight for hell.

On a Christmas night they were matched to fight in a ten-round mill, decision;
Talk of a crowd, they were crying out loud to stand at two bucks admission;
For Mac Fee was the champ of the Local camp and the boys were out full strength;
To see him stop the "One-round Wop" by laying him out full length.

And that very night as they watched packed tight to the very edge of the ring,
And the Hot-dog lad sold all he had, the little bell went "ding";
And the two boys jumped, the "WOP" all humped like a spider hit with cramp;
While up stood "Slam" looking cool and calm and every inch a champ.

Not a breath of sound as they circled round, then Mac Fee slashed out with his right,
But the "Wop" ducked in and clinched like sin while the boys all shouted "Fight";
"That aint the way," you could hear them say, "They do their stuff round here";
Then the Ref. took heart and pried them apart, but "Mac" looked kind of queer.

His face was grey and he seemed to sway and his eyes had a glassy look;
But he made a flop toward the "Wop" and was handed a nice left hook.
He crouched on the ropes and the crowd's fond hopes seemed to fade in a long drawn sigh;
As the "Wop" stepped in with an evil grin and "padlocked" Slam's left eye.

There wasn't a breath, all was still as death, while the fans gazed horror-stricken;
With the champ half out and another clout was enough to complete the licking;
Then he lashed out straight, but was too late, for the "Wop" stepped out of reach;
Mac missed by an inch, then another clinch, with the "Wop" hanging on like a leech.

When again they broke "Slam" seemed to choke, and his big paws fanned the air;
His wind was spent, his knees were bent and his eyes had the same blank stare;
Then the "Wop" jumped in, and it seemed a sin, as his mitts pumped in and out;
Mac doubled up like a poisoned pup and never returned one clout.

Round the ring he swayed like a man afraid and his feet were like lumps of lead;
Each face was glum and the crowd was dumb at the sight of the way he bled;
Then a long, long fight to stand upright while the huskies round the ring,
Howled in despair to the timekeeper, "Why don't the damn bell ring?"

And in every way that mass of clay seemed heavy and heavier to grow;
But the round went on though all hope was gone and the "Wop" piled blow on blow;
With all he had he slammed the lad, who swore "He wouldn't give in,
'Till the dicky bird was plainly heard, then he'd hearken with a grin."

Till there came a whack that was like the crack of doom on the judgment day;
'Twas a cross to the jaw, and down on the floor the derelict went to lay;
And we looked at it and thought a bit, though our tongues were frozen dumb,
Then a man near by, give a sudden cry, "My God, Mac Fee's a bum!"

As the referee tore across the floor and started to tune his lyre,
Some hopes we found that he might come round and climb off the funeral pyre,
For the crowd just soared from their seats and roared as their hero tried to rise;
But his strength was spent, and back he went in a heap before our eyes.

Then I made a hike, for I didn't like to see him beaten so;
While his seconds scowled, and the fans all howled, and referee counted slow.
He was up to eight as I reached the the gate and I knew Mac had no chance;
Then a bum said "Son, can you tell who won?" So I kicked him in the pants.

I did not see, but they say Mac Fee was carried out like one dead;
For the stars came out and danced about every time he moved his head.
I was sick with dread, but I bravely said, "I'll go to his room inside."
I'm a press-man, see, and I knew Mac Fee, so the door I opened wide;

And there sat Mac looking awful black, and yelled "Please close that door;
The air's fresh here but I still feel queer and I don't want to flop no more";
There was sudden death in that Wop's breath; you could cut it with a knife.
"He 'garlicked' me," says "Slam" Mac Fee, "And I'm off the mitts for life."

There are some strange things done in boxing rings by the boys who maul for gold;
The resin trails have their secret tales of heroes who got knocked cold;
The big arc lights have seen queer fights, but the queerest they ever did see,
Was the night when "Tony the One-round Wop" lambasted "Slam" Mac Fee.

What Nation Will Furnish Next World's Heavyweight Champion?

By DANIEL

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IS the world's heavyweight championship safe in the United States? Is Nordic supremacy in that division assured for many years to come? Or is the Latin influence, which has been developing into formidable proportions in recent years, to send both America and the Nordics toppling from the Olympian heights which they attained with the brilliant rise of Jack Dempsey?

Then again, is there a possibility that a new heavyweight title holder will come from the steppes of Siberia, from the hardy stock of Finland or other Nordic races which hitherto have been neglible in boxing?

These questions arise as we note evidences of boxing development in quarters which hitherto had known nothing about the ancient art and science of hit and get away—in countries where stolid indifference to fistic craft had been due to phlegmatic temperament and phlegmatic attitude toward all vigorous sport—among nationalities which hitherto had derided the fists in favor of the knife as the most effective weapon to settle personal disputes.

There is no doubt that the world interest in boxing is founded largely on the spread of stories of tremendous financial return to successful exponents. "Become a champion and become a millionaire" is the word that has gone around the globe, and foreign sentiment to the contrary notwithstanding, the chase of the nimble dollar is a sport not entirely confined to Americans. As a matter of fact, Americans are the most indifferent of all nationals to the coming and goings of money. If a foreign heavyweight ever gets the world championship, we are likely to see the so-called financial genius of Dempsey reduced to picayune proportions by a super Firpo.

When Firpo knocked Dempsey through the ropes on that pleasant September night in 1923 at the Polo Grounds in New York, the Argentinian gave powerful impetus to a movement which already had become widespread. "If Firpo can get $100,000 for less than six minutes of action, and Firpo can come so close to the title, why can't we do it?" was the sentiment which spread through hitherto infertile boxing fields, and the search for the big man with a punch and the ability to take punishment became feverish all over the civilized world.

Ever since the financial prominence attained by Jack Johnson's fight with Jim Jeffries at Reno in 1910, the world has been seeking this fistic paragon. First it was the White Hope we were searching for, and then came a huge flock out of which we got Jess Willard. Then came Dempsey, a true champion with all the attributes which oldtimers like to endow to John L. Sullivan. The need for a White hope has passed, but now it is the Foreign Hope which the world outside of America is seeking.

How far have other nations gone with this quest? What chances are there of a foreign heavyweight taking the crown now held by Dempsey?

Ten years ago these questions would have been derided. A decade ago the suggestion that a boxer would come up from South America and knock perhaps our greatest heavyweight title holder through the ropes would have been regarded as the figment of a disordered imagination.

But our times change fast. The impossible of today becomes the unusual thing tomorrow—and this may be regarded as a truth in boxing as well as in science and invention.

Let us note what has happened in classes other than the heavyweight in the last ten years. The flyweight title has gone to Villa, a man of Filipino blood, in which there is Chinese as well as Malay and Spanish.

The bantamweight championship is held by Abe Goldstein, of Semitic blood.

The featherweight title is open consequent upon Dundee's retirement.

A boxer of Semitic blood—Benny Leonard—holds the lightweight championship.

Mickey Walker, welterweight champion, is of Irish stock.

Harry Greb, middleweight leader, is of Teutonic blood.

Mike McTigue, the light-heavyweight champion, is Irish, and Dempsey is of Scotch-Irish descent.

Is it not possible that what has happened in the lighter division may happen in the heavyweight section? Of course, the chances of foreign boxing success diminish as the weight increases, but have we any guaranty that this state of affairs will continue indefinitely? If the rugged, hardy peoples of northern Europe master the science of boxing we may find that our position in fisticuffs is threatened as seriously as was our world championship on track and field in the Olympic games at Paris. How many track critics ten years ago would have given serious thought to the probability of track success by Finland such as it attained at Paris?

The quest for the next heavyweight champion rages all over the world, in northern and southern hemispheres, in cold climes and in warm ones, in temperate zones and in torrid belts. "Beat America in one slogan, and "Get the American dollar" is the other.

These battle cries are closely associated. Foreign managers and promoters comb the villages and the forests, the cities and the plains for the new paragon.

Just now the Latin influence predominates in this challenge to the United States. We have in the forefront Firpo, an Argentinian, whose mother was Spanish and father Italian; Romero Rojas, from Chile; Tony Fuento, a Mexican, who lives in San Francisco; and, last but not least,, Paolino, a Spanish sensation, who may make his debut in America before long.

Paolino is a Berserker, a super Firpo insofar as looks and savage attack are concerned. Just now he is an extremely crude worker, but he is reported to have the makings of a fighter. The manner in which he punched Townley, the English heavyweight through the ropes in two rounds recently aroused the interest of promoters abroad, and an atempt has been made to get Dempsey over there to meet the Spaniard.

There is a boxing romance behind the rise of Paolino to prominence. He stands six feet six inches in his boxing shoes, and weighs 265 pounds when he is in tiptop shape. Paolino is a Basque,

of mixed Spanish-French blood, from down in the rugged country in the Pyrenees. They found him in the mountains chopping wood.

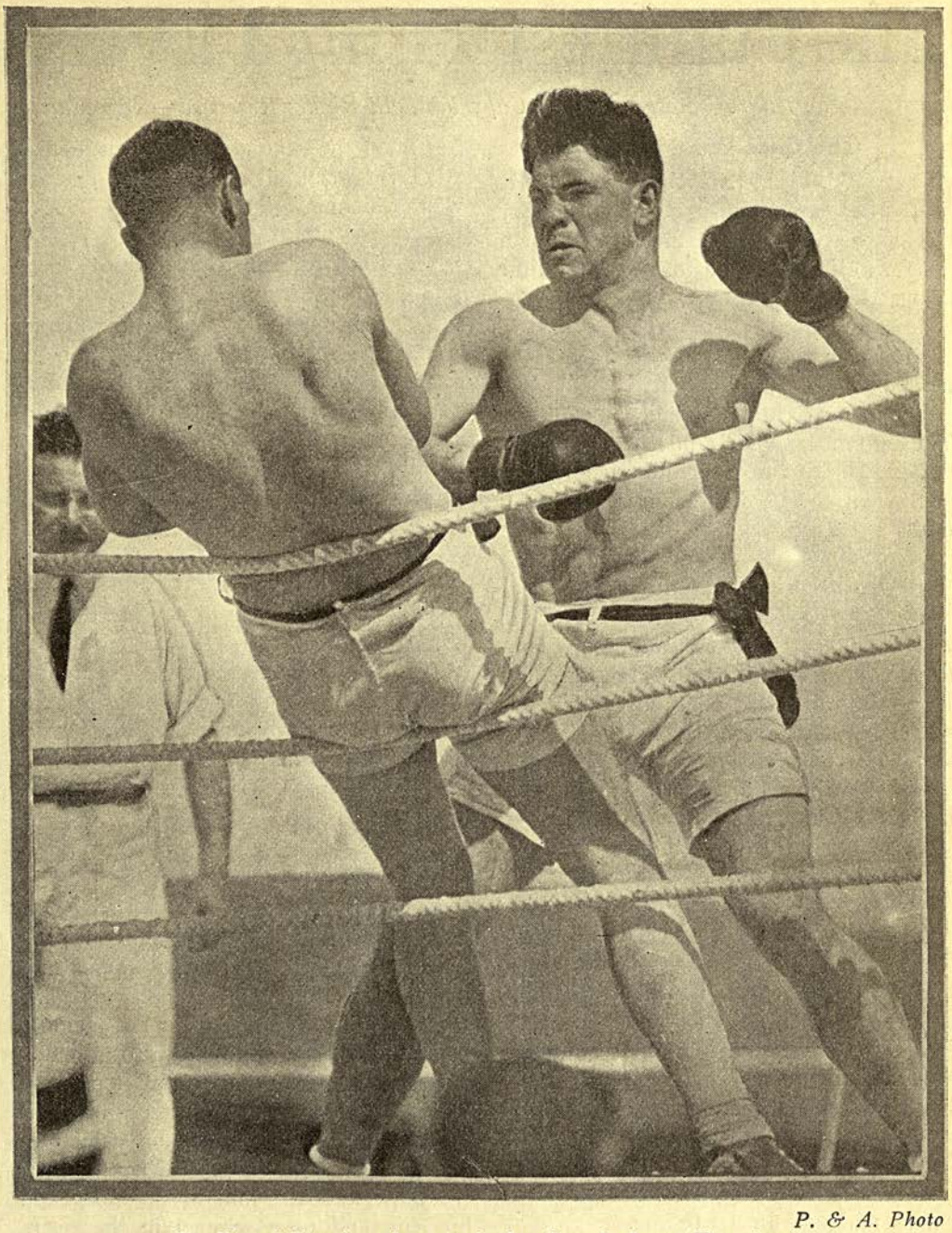
He is twenty-four years old and as powerful as an ox. Years of hard work as a wood chopper, and clean, severe living have made Paolino ideal material. If the Basque possesses the ability to assimilate instructions in the science of the game, a Basque from the crags of the Pyrenees may be the next champion of the world.

A friend of ours in Paris, who saw the fight with Townley, writes of Paolino as follows: "Keep your eye on this big Basque. He is as strong as they come. He is remarkably fast.

"Of course, Paolino presents a wide and tall expanse of hitting territory. He will have to make up for that with hitting power and skill, and it may be that he will get the skill. As for the hitting power, he came near sending Townley into the next province. He hit the Englishman so hard it took him a week to get over the effects of the blows—and take it from me Townley never will be the same man again.

"Paolino has a cast of countenance somewhat like Firpo's. He scowls like Luis, and he hits harder. He has a chest like a wine barrel, a neck that takes a size 20 collar. He makes Hackenschmidt's neck look like a schoolgirl's.

"If the French promoters, who have Paolino in hand, don't get greedy and rush him into trouble, and hire a skilled American trainer to teach him a few things, look out for Paolino. It is understood here that Tex Rickard has his eye on Paolino and is dickering for the Basque's coming to New York."



P. & A. Photo

Paolino delivering the punch that knocked out Townley

Ten years ago the suggestion that a Basque woodchopper from the crag country of the Pyrenee Mountains would knock a recognized English heavyweight out of a ring would have been greeted with even more levity than our aforementioned suggestion regarding Firpo. But this woodchopper has made his entry into the field—and there may be hundreds of other woodchoppers down in his country who will be aroused by such success as Paolino attains in the ring and make the Basques important factors in fisticuffs.

Firpo's story is too well known to need repetition. Luis was washing bottles in a drug store in Buenos Aires when the urge to become a fighter and earn more money came upon him. Now he stands out as a capitalist down in the Argentine—recipient of $100,000 for taking a beating from Dempsey and more than a similar sum for taking a terrific lashing from Harry Wills.

Romero Rojas has been tested, too, and found wanting. But he may find himself one of these days. Perhaps we are too prone to have done with Firpo, too. Hard campaigning and experience may make a fighter out of Firpo yet.

Now for Fuento. The Mexican has been taking part in four-round bouts in San Francisco with considerable success. He went hurtling into the public eye recently when he defeated Floyd Johnson, one of our own woodsman heavyweights, who has been a great disappointment. Two days later Fuento scored a ten-seconds' knockout.

Mexico has had great little fighters in Herrerra and Rivers. Herrerra, from all accounts, was the hardest hitter the lightweight division yet has produced. Rivers was no slouch with that right, either. Fuento is a bit light for our big fellows, but size has not counted against some of our greatest battlers in the heavyweight division.

The time was when England was supreme in the ring. Then came the United States—and England fell back. We have prospered greatly in boxing. Titles have come to our fighters in profusion. But with our prosperity, with the financial importance that has become attached to the tenure of a title, America may be getting fat and soft. We are being challenged. The world is on America's trail. From the steppes to the tropics the word has gone forth, "Find a heavyweight to beat America."

Will America yield?

The Funniest Thing I Ever Saw in the Ring

(The Ring's Latest Feature—Copyright, All Rights Reserved—Reproduction Prohibited Without Permission)

The Odds Were Better

GEORGE RODEL, the Boer, shortly after first coming to this country had occasion to require the services of a dentist. Jimmie Johnston, at that time being Rodel's manager, gave him the address of one.

Rodel on being asked by James the next day how be made out, replied:

"I did not go to the man you told me. The sign on his door read: Dr. McGuire, 9 to 6. The man next offered 10 to 1, so I went to the dentist giving the best odds."

* * * * *

Both Down at Same Time

A FEW weeks ago a bout took place in Portland, Oregon, and the contestants were Young Britton and Ernie Woodward. The boys, who are welterweights, fought at a terrific pace and the crowd which packed the arena cheered to the echo. Neither of the lads had an advantage.

After an exchange of blows, the boys sparred for a moment, then rushed at each other and each cut loose with a wide left swing. With a crash, the blows landed flush on the side of the jaw and both boys went down at the same time. The referee, considerably confused, stood in the center of the ring for a couple of seconds and then began to count over both fighters. Each arose before the count of nine and then the battling again began.

It was a hectic night and a treat that comes but once in a lifetime.

* * * * *

Kid Broad's Humor

YEARS ago Al Lippe took Kid Broad, a famous fighter, West to meet Aurelio Herrera. Al was so certain Kid would win he bet his whole bank roll on him.

After a round or two Herrera got the range and started peppering Broad furiously. He knocked him down once for the count of five, and soon afterward for a count of nine. He finally brought down a crushing blow on the top of Broad's head, and away went Kid to slumberland.

Next day Lippe and Broad took the train back East and Al was exceedingly downcast. "Why didn't you get up when Herrera popped you?" asked Lippe. "Why didn't you think about me? You knew I had every cent I could scrape together bet on you. I had to borrow money to take us back home."

"Well, I thought of you when I went down the first time," replied Broad, sadly. "An' I had you in mind when I banged the floor the second time. But honest, Al, I forgot all about you when that last wallop hit me."

* * * * *

Praying for a Soft Spot

DURING the latter days of the Horton law there was a negro boxer by the name of "Parson" Allen. "Parson" was a deacon in a colored church. Before each contest Allen used to kneel down in the ring, fold his hands and say a prayer. One night the "Parson" was knocked out in the second round. After he came to in his corner some of the ringsiders attempted to josh him.

"Well, Parson," remarked one of them, "the Lord didn't seem to pay much attention to your prayers tonight, did he?"

"Brother," answered the "Parson," "Ah reckon you-all doan' know what I was done prayin' for. Ah knew what a tough baby this yeah fellow was so I jes' ask the good Lord for a soft spot to land on."

* * * * *

Wanted Quick Action

ONE night at the West Hoboken A. C., Amy Mack was hard pressed for a welterweight as a substitute in his semi-final bout. None were to be found, and spotting Battling Kiddy, a 114-pounder in the crowd, he induced him to go on.

Kiddy circled his southpaw opponent and seeing a wild left swing coming his way, stepped inside of it and caught in on the back of the neck. The force of the blow knocked him to the floor and his chin and nose scraped in the resin, drawing blood.

Kiddy took the count of nine and, leaping to his feet, let drive with everything in a right hand to the stomach and down went the welterweight, crying "Enough!" Kiddy rushed over to Harry Ertle, the referee, and shouted: "Call the fight, Harry, before he changes his mind!"

* * * * *

A Useless Count

HERE is something that happened several years ago during the good old days of the Horton law, when pugilists used to fight and fight hard to a decision for a comparatively small purse.

At that time mixed bouts were allowed and I recall a scrap which took place at the old Pelican A. C., Brooklyn, between the famous blond haired Kid Carter and a very husky colored chap.

It was in the first round, a quick mix-up followed the bell and the wonderful Kid Carter let go his famous "one-two" —a left to the pit of the stomach and a right to the jaw. Down went the colored chap in a heap, his black face partly white from rosin. The referee started the count: "One, two"—and that is as far as he got, when the colored boy looked up at him and said:

"Mistah, you not counting foh me, 'cause I ain't going to get up."

* * * * *

Flashlight Comes to Aid

WHEN fighthood was in flower in California photographers always sought to get flashlights of knockouts. At the Reliance Club in Oakland, across San Francisco Bay from the City of the Hills, Harry Baker was milling with one of those Joe Grim bruisers, a battler who always was on the receiving end, who never had been given the anaesthetic. This bimbo would fill a house with bugs who wondered whether he could be lulled to rest.

Baker landed a pile-driving sock-dolager and the Joe Grim hit the canvas hard. It looked a sure for-keeps wallop. A photographer quickly set up his camera and flash pan. He exploded his power at the count of nine. The resounding boom of the explosion roused the tough gladiator enough to bring him to his feet. He made out Baker and smashed a wild one over Baker's way. It landed flush "on the button" and Baker went down for the full ten and defeat, although Joe Grim hadn't mussed his enemy's hair previously.

* * * * *

Terry Wanted Only Winners

WHEN Terry McGovern was at the height of his career as a fighter he entered a restaurant in Brooklyn one day to get something to eat. He looked over the bill of fare and ordered something very unusual for him—a live, broiled lobster.

When the dish was placed before him Terry gave one startled glance at it and hastily calling the waiter demanded to know what was the matter with "that bird," as he called the lobster.

The waiter looked mystified and asked what was wrong with the lobster, and Terry answered that it was not all there, several of the claws were missing.

Then the waiter explained that the lobsters, being packed very tightly for shipment, got "fighting" amongst themselves and some of them got damaged in the manner he saw.

Terry listened patiently to the explanation, and in an exceedingly disgusted voice said:

"Well, take him away and bring me a winner.

How I Train a Fighter

By JIMMY DE FOREST
World's Greatest Trainer and Maker of Champions

A QUESTION which has been addressed to me thousands of times by letter and word of mouth is:

"Just how do you go about training a fighter—what do you do?"

Of course, that is a pretty big question and can't be answered offhand and generally, for each fighter presents his own problem of training. No two men are exactly alike in body any more than they are facially. Each has his special weakness to overcome as well as the qualities of brawn and agility that may make him an aspirant for ring honors. However, there are cardinal principles of training that I can readily describe.

Frequently, when I take a man in hand, he has some ring hero of his own in mind, whose style he wants to copy. I discourage him immediately. No man can successfully adopt completely another man's methods and points of handling himself. And I point out to my pupil that what has made his hero successful is the fact that he has a style all of his own, and that the pupil should develop the same himself along the lines which his physical qualities dictate.

The first thing I do with him is to put on the gloves with him. A round or two tells me how much he may have learned of the game and whether he is an instinctive boxer—how quick are his hands, eyes and feet. The next is to find out how good he is on the receiving end of the game—how much punishment he can take. For on this much depends as to his future training.

If he is a rugged boy to whom a few hard punches are not serious, I concentrate on teaching him attack. It is not only a waste of time, but decidedly harmful to attempt to teach a big, strong fellow who packs good, hard jolts and hooks with the K. O. in them, cleverness. It's not his game. All such a line of instruction would do would be to lessen the force of his punches and teach him a caution he is much better without.

Nothing Fancy for Firpo

Take Firpo, for instance. The idea which seemed to be current that I was trying to burden him with a knowledge of the fancy tricks of the game has given me many a smile. If I had got hold of him when he was a kid I certainly could have worked up his speed and given him a defense ample to protect his most vital spots. But he had come too far along in life to attempt any radical change of his style. His value to himself was his hitting power. The training I gave him was all that way. It was to show him how to shorten his blows from wide to close hooks and get him to push out straight blows with his left.

Shortening the distance a punch travels increases its force and power. And, then, banking on his height, I taught him what became his most damaging blow. The critics called it the "rabbit" punch, but it was not. He is taller than almost any man he might be called on to face, so the punch I developed for him was a looping chop to be aimed to come down right back of his opponent's ear. That blow strikes on the mastoid bone and has the same paralyzing effect as the commoner knockout blow which lands on the point of the chin, except that it does not produce unconsciousness.

He was so wholly dependent on his right arm that he gave his left no part in his game at all. He didn't even keep it up, and it was next to impossible to get him to guard properly. He complained that his left arm tired quickly when he tried to hold it up and in use. But I soon caused that trouble to disappear by the simple process of making him hold the left up for a guard with a light weight clamped on his wrist or held in his hand, and increasing the weight gradually, until finally when the hand and arm were relieved of the weight, the arm went into proper play unconsciously and without any weariness coming into it. However, I never had a chance to finish the development of Firpo's left.

Main Features in Training

The main features of my training, speaking in a general way, are the wheel, the wrist pole, the wands, the treadmill, dumb-bells, road running, stomach exercises, shoulder and forearm developing, the light and heavy bags in conjunction with an elaborate method of rigid breathing exercises originated by myself, and the use of scientific massage.

The wheel is just like that used on a ship for steering, only in stead of turning a rudder you are winding up a heavy weight. It is not only invaluable for developing shoulder and arm muscles but also the clasping of spokes teaches a man how properly to close his hands when he is fighting.

The wrist pole is one of the best assets of my gym, for no man can become a stiff, hard puncher whose wrist muscles are not hardened to the fibre of steel. In my training of Dempsey, I made him use the wheel two and three times a day, and I guess Jack will tell you himself how considerably it increased the force of his blows.

The wrist pole is vertical and of hard, polished wood. It looks like a telescope drawn out. That is to say, it has three circumferences. The hand clasps around the first rung entirely, two-thirds around the next and only half way around the upper section. You grasp the pole and turn it, winding as you do a weight on a rope upward from the floor. The exercise brings into play the muscles of the fingers, wrists and entire forearms. Wrists so developed can support all the force that the shoulders can throw into a blow and the peril of broken bones and torn tendons of the forearm, which have ruined many boxing careers, is practically eliminated.

The wands are two light poles with knobs for handles on each end. The poles are about three and a half feet long. Boxer and trainer stand facing each other with the poles between them, the hands held straight down at the sides. Then they push the poles back and forth at each other, one arm pushing forward as the other resists the push with the other pole from the man opposite. It is a more vigorous exercise than reading of it may perhaps make it appear. It is not only excellent for the shoulder muscles, but is good in steeling the muscles of stomach and thighs.

Treadmill for the Legs

Every one knows what a treadmill is, and equally it must be plain that its use is for leg development. The light bag has only one use, and that is to train the quickness of the eye. The first light bags used were pig bladders

(*Continued on page* 21)

Just An Earful

By TAD

New York Evening Journal's Famous Cartoonist and Sports Critic—Used by Permission

When Tom Sharkey "Treated"

WHEN Tom Sharkey landed in 'Frisco fifteen or more years ago he had less dough than a hobo has ambition. He had a few fights, but got only doughnut money. Later on he grabbed quite a rep and agreed to fight Alex Gregains, who was to stop the tar in eight rounds or blow the purse.

The pair met and Gregains not only failed to stop the chesty deck scrubber,

but was lucky to stay himself. Tom drew down $1,250 iron men, and had it in silver dollars in a big sack.

His seconds and trainers were delighted. So was Tom. They were all smiles. Every body patted Tom on the back. He dressed, grabbed the sack of silver and started up Market street with eight of his followers.

Stepping into Young Mitchell's saloon, Tom was greeted with cheers. Young Mitchell mitted him, saying:

"I'm glad you won, Tom. I suppose you're starting out for a celebration, eh?"

Sharkey threw the sack up on the bar and, pushing out his chest, piped:

"Yes, we're all going to have a big time tonight, and we dropped in here first. We're all going to get a drink now, GIVE US THE DICE BOX!"

* * * * *

He Couldn't Muss Abe's Hair

THE fighter with a nut has the edge on a boob.

Abe Attell illustrated this in Denver years ago when he outgeneraled a tar baby who was at that time going great.

Abe met this gent in a ten-round bout in the Western town and was having considerable trouble locating said gent's map.

For two rounds it was very even, and Abe wasn't a nose in the lead. When he came back to his corner after that period he told one of his seconds to get out the brush and comb and doll him up a bit. The other seconds with the towels hid the near-barber, and at the bell Abe looked as though he had just left John the Barber's.

He boxed three rounds more, jabbed his colored opponent quite often and had him considerably worried.

At the start of each round Abe's hair was as neat as ever, and the look on the tar baby's face was one of wonder.

Finally, in the eighth round, the colored

marvel refused to go on. The referee walked over and asked for the reason. "Why, what's the good?" piped the darky, "Ah, aint got no chance. WHY AH CAN'T EVEN MUSS DAT MAN'S HAIR A TALL."

The Cream Puff Pugilists

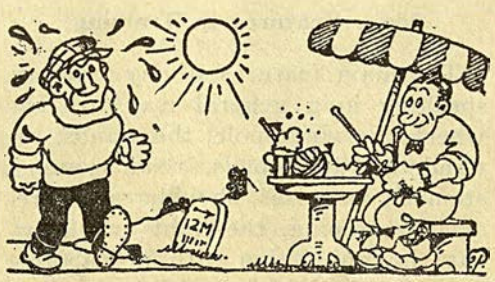
By MARSHALL HUNT

Sports Expert of New York Daily News

A SCORE or more years ago the famous boxing guys were late to seek their coverlets and later still to rise. Nor did the fistic gentlemen abstain from suds and wine—they tilted up the brimming glass and quickly drained the stein.

But when those famous boxing guys began to work and train, they jaunted down the country pikes in sun or in the rain. They punched the bag relentlessly; they battled sparring mates. They shattered jaws and severed ears and dented solid plates. They did their training openly; their hides were toughly tanned. They skipped about the training ring to beat the village band.

So when the pugs of yesteryear engaged in bloody fight, they punched and swung and uppercut with all their brawny might.



Today the boxers train for scraps upon the verdant links. The mashie up the countryside with plutocratic ginks, who later cart 'em off to tea at Great Neck or in Queens and have 'em dance with nifty broads, meet natty jelly beans.

The modern pug draws handsome dough for training at a fete. He's lionized by debutantes, he's quite a social pet. He does his training faithfully by sipping Oolong tea and holding dainties on his lap, a sandwich on his knee.

Two modern boxers meet to fight and do a nifty dance. They execute some pretty steps—around the ring hey prance. They couldn't dent a toy balloon, their taps are light as straw. But they get some twenty grand for "fighting" to a draw!

The Lightweight Toga

By GEORGE B. UNDERWOOD

WHO will be the next cock o' the roost among the lightweights? To whom will the purple championship toga, which now adorns the shoulders of the great Benny Leonard, descend?

King Benny now has been sitting in regal majesty on the lightweight throne for seven years.

Seven years is a record establishing reign among the lightweights.

None of the other lightweight champions, Jack McAuliffe, Kid Lavigne, Frank Erne, Joe Gans, Jimmy Britt, Ad Wolgast, Battling Nelson, Willie Ritchie or Freddie Welsh, ever held championship sway over so long a period. McAuliffe lasted the longest among the former champions, yet it was only six years between the time the Brooklyn cooper defeated Harry Gilmore for the title in 1887 until he retired undefeated in 1893.

Every indication is that Leonard's lightweight reign is over. It is the general opinion that Benny never again will make the lightweight limit. King Benny is likely to retire undefeated as did McAuliffe. Whether Leonard will give up all active participation in boxing or whether he will remain in the game and invade the welterweight division we do not know. He is likely to take one or two matches in the welterweight class and then retire permanently from boxing. As lightweight ruler he only is king in name now. Leonard is through as a one hundred and thirty-five pounder.

Who will mount the throne when Benny Leonard steps down?

All of Leonard's former rivals have either outgrown the weight or become passe. Lew Tendler, Rocky Kansas, Richie Mitchell, Pal Moran and Charlie White all have faded out of lightweight championship consideration.

It is to the newer crop of lightweights, the youngsters of the division, one must look to for the successor to the great Leonard.

Somewhere from among Sid Terris, Sammy Mandell, Luis Vicentini, Sid Barbarian, Jack Bernstein, Tommy O'Brien, Joe Dundee and Charlie O'Connell and boxers of that type will come the next ruler of the lightweight roost. Of course, from out of nowhere there may appear a young Lochinvar to vanquish the best of the men mentioned, but the chances are against it. Real fighters are not made overnight.

Elsewhere in this publication Francis Albertanti is singing the fistic chanson of Sid Barbarian, the rough, tough fighting Armenian from that section of the country which gave a great champion of the same rugged iron man type, George Kid Lavigne, the Saginaw Kid.

It is our assignment to tell you something of the other lightweight contenders, particularly of the three who at this writing appear to have the most roseate chances of mounting the lightweight throne. We refer to Sid Terris, Sammy Mandell and Luis Vicentini.

Terris, Mandell and Vicentini all are in the June of their fistic careers.

Each is young with all the God-given powers of youth, its spirit and ambitions. Their best years lay ahead of them. Their fistic Fate is in their own hands.

Vicentini, Mandell and Terris all possess that rather hard to define quality known as class.

Each has personality, magnetism, color, which may not make them any greater fighters, but certainly raises their box-office value.

The flashiest of the lot, we believe, is Terris; the most wearing, Vicentini. Mandell is betwixt and between.

Sid Terris is the product of New York's great East Side. Out of the great cauldron of the Melting Pot came such fighters as Leach Cross, Joe Bernstein, Benny Leonard and many others. Terris is following in Leonard's footsteps.

Many of the qualities which Leonard showed early in his career belong to Terris. Sid is faster than was Benny and technically more clever. He yet has to show the craft and cunning of Leonard, however, or that great champion's superb ring head and generalship. And Sid doesn't possess Benny's punch. Neither, we believe, does Terris have the natural ruggedness of Leonard. Benny combined speed, skill, strength, brains and courage to a rare degree.

A great pair of legs figuratively is Terris's foundation. He is faster on his feet than any boxer we ever have seen. His speed afoot gives him speed in general and makes him elusive as a will o' the wisp. Light as a Pavlowa he floats, glides, leaps and bounds about the ring, a most difficult target to hit, all the time cutting and slashing away with clean, accurately driven punches.

Sid's chief weakness is lack of bottom. He is an artificially made athlete, the product of a gymnasium, and does not possess natural stamina and vitality. His style and tactics burn up a world of energy. In almost all of his contests he tires appreciably towards the end. If the East Side boy is to succeed he must learn to conserve his energy and not waste so much in action and efforts.

Mandell is of the same flashily clever type of boxer as Terris. Not quite so flashy but more practical. The Italian lad from Rockford, Illinois, is not so fast of foot as is Terris, but is faster with his hands. We believe he has a better fighting head and a stronger constitution. He is a better infighter and trickier at making openings and taking advantage of them.

Vicentini has not the speed and cleverness that Mandell and Terris possess, but he has something which neither Sid nor Sammy boast, a real knockout punch.

The young man from Chile is the hardest hitter in the lightweight division. He does practically all of his heavy hitting with his right, but his left hand by no means is as weak as popularly supposed.

Vicentini naturally is stronger and

(*Continued on page* 21)

THE PRELIMINARY FIGHTER

By RAY HOPPMAN

HE has to entertain the throng
Before the big fight comes along
He's just a sort of filler in
Who gets a paltry bit of tin.
The fans all think he doesn't count,
His battle is of no amount,
And just to pass the time, why they
Observe him as he flays away.
He knows how all the watchers feel
While waiting for the leading reel
But all he wants is just a start
And so he takes a minor part.
And thus he feints and duck and blocks
And takes and gives all kinds of knocks.
He wants to crawl up in the game
And keeps on working at the same.
Today he may get no attention
But some day he'll come in for mention,
The game's a hard one—that he knows,
Discouragements, hard knocks and blows.
But old ambition keeps him going,
Some day, perhaps, he'll make a showing.
The champions all had to start,
That thought's a balm that soothes his heart.

From Armenian Waif to Leading Contender for Benny Leonard's Crown

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

WHO knows but that perhaps the next world's lightweight champion will be an Armenian waif? Don't smile, blast the idea if you think this is going to be a josh yarn. The debonair Sammy Pearlstein, Earl of Ecorse—somewhere on the outskirts of Detroit, Mich.—is as sure as the sun shines he is managing Benny Leonard's successor in the rough, tough Sid Barbarian, southpaw extraordinary. Barbarian is considered by experts to a man as the leading contender for the 135-pound crown.

In the space of a little over two years the only boxer of Armenian birth, parentage or nationality in these United States, who has never been knocked down let alone kayoed, has eliminated many rivals and cleared various obstacles in the path to the championship. Records show Barbarian has decisively whipped Johnny Dundee, Jack Bernstein, Nate Goldman, Sailor Friedman, Johnny Mendeshon, Ever Hammer, Phil Salvatore, Jimmy Goodrich, Teddy Meyers, K. O. Jeakle and many others of equal repute.

Barbarian, in one of his few starts in New York, not only upset the dope, but got tongues wagging about his prowess when he trounced the stubborn Jack Bernstein in twelve one-sided rounds in Tex Rickard's Velodrome arena. Barbarian came dashing out of his corner at the tap of the first bell with eyes glaring and fists popping in every direction.

He fairly swept Bernstein off his feet and even had Jack taking it on the run for a time in the first round. In the fourth and fifth, Sid lashed out with a left swing that shook Jack, popped over one to the jaw that made Bernstein's knees bend, and with another drove him to the canvas.

In the eighth Barbarian almost upset Bernstein with a left hook to the face, and also pounded him about the body. A right uppercut to the face nearly finished Jack in the ninth.

Again in the eleventh Bernstein's knees sagged from the impact of a right to the whiskers. On that occasion Barbarian looked to the spectators to be rather awkward, but he stunned them with firing his blows from all positions, countering with disconcerting speed. He shook off all kinds of heavy blows as though he were punch proof. He appeared to be very strong and seemed to have no end of stamina.

After his defeat of Bernstein, Barbarian was mobbed by a crowd of enthusiastic Armenians as he was leaving the ring. Thus are new boxing fans made.

Barbarian is nearly 25 years old, stands 5 feet 6 inches in his stocking feet, and can easily scale 131 to 133 pounds ringside. He was driven from the homeland in far away Armenia at the bayonet of a gun, with a red-fezzed Turk at the butt of the weapon. His parents and all his relatives were massacred by the fiends who carry the battle of Islam into the bleeding Far East. He fled to these hospitable shores, a boy without a country and a lad without a home. Pearlstein found him in a Detroit factory four years ago.

According to Gordon Mackay, one of the finest boxing writers in America, Barbarian's life story reads like some page snatched from the lurid romance of an alien foster son of Columbia. Aside from his unique position as the only Armenian who engages in battle with his dukes for fame and fortune, Sid is a hitter and fighter and carries a smile on his face while he stores away vengeance in his heart and murder in his mitts.

Our friend Gordon interviewed Barbarian last year when he fought Ray Mitchell in Philadelphia. "Barbarian, master of the mother tongue of his adopted country, speaking with only a slight accent to betray his origin, is one of those accidents of the ring who have raised themselves to pinnacles and pedestals," said Mackay in introducing the colorful scrapper.

Mackay's description of Barbarian makes interesting reading. It follows:

"That smile that creeps over the face of the swarthy gladiator is at once winsome and winning. Few seeing his features expand in that infectious grin would imagine that Sid makes his living by denting certain of his fellow men with divers and sundry thumps and pokes. Rather would they think that he was just one of the day laborers' dressed up in his Sunday best and out for such simple pleasures as become a son of the soil like Sidney.

"Sid's home is in Detroit, but, like some Alexander surfeited with his conquests, he has invaded other sections and sought other foes. Dropping into Philadelphia for a brief stay, he walked into the *Inquirer* sports studio, smiled his twenty-four carat smile, told his story, harrowing and bloody, and departed, with that inimitable smile still hovering over his lips. Back in the days when Sid was a kid with no thoughts of America in his mind and no hope of winning gold and glory with his sturdy fists, Armenia, as in the generations agone, was the prey of the murdering Turk.

"Massacre fell upon massacre, and the soil where Barbarian lived was stained crimson with the blood of thousands of the martyrs to the lust of Moslem fanatic. One day the little village which Barbarian called 'home,' heard the tidings of terror anew. The devastating hordes of Islam were again on their murderous path with torch and gun, killing, sacking, burning and pillaging. The father called his brother, Barbarian's uncle, into a family council. 'Take Sid and go with him to America. He is our only child and we do not want him slaughtered.' The uncle agreed and, with the youngster in his charge, started for the border and freedom."

The youngster, then gazing upon the world beyond, and of which he had not the faintest dreams, finally reached Ellis Island. With his uncle he made his way to Detroit, where he settled. Like all Armenians, both were industrious and soon obtained work in the factory.

Sid is now telling his story to Mackay: "I worked in the factory all day," he said, with that smile still crinkling his face, "and after the day's work was over I went to night school, so that I could learn English. In the factory we had a club to which all employees belonged, and every two weeks a smoker was held.

"One day one of the fellows saw me crack a guy on the chin and knock him down. He looked at me funny. Then he said: 'Hey, kid, how about fighting at the smoke?' I laughed and said that I never had on boxing gloves and knew nothing about fighting.

" 'That's all right,' this fellow said. I just saw you sock that bird, and I tell you you have a kick in that hand. How about it?' All right, I said. You know," continued Barbarian, as he laughed aloud at the recollection, "I just went into the ring and let go with my left hand. The

other fellow was coming in and that left caught him right on the jaw. He didn't stay around a second. He went down like a shot. When they brought him around I had won the fight.

"Why," he narrated, "I was so dumb and so ignorant that I didn't know how to stand in the ring, but stuck out my right hand and right foot. That's the way I started fighting and that's the way that I've been fighting all this time. Well, after that fight I got several more and went right along socking them. Then somebody told me that I was a fool to be working in a factory when I could get a lot of money in the boxing game. I looked the matter up, found that it was all right and I've been fighting ever since."

Barbarian is an aggressive, two-handed scrapper, who tears in always and never stops fighting. He has his aim set to cop the diadem now roosting upon the sable dome of Benjamin Leiner Leonard. And he says he only wants the champion to make the weight. Sid's one regret is that there is no Turkish champion, so that all the pent up hatred, the smoldering fires of fury and revenge could be lighted afresh by a battle with said Turk. Then Sid could think of the family that was slain as the fanatics of Islam swept down upon his village. For in the wake of torture, pillage, murder and arson the Barbarian family was massacred, to leave Sid the sole remaining member of the clan.

Pearlstein makes no extravagant claims for Barbarian, but thinks he can beat anybody up to Leonard. "A sharpshooter may make Sid look bad, but none of them will stop him. Leonard is a great champion. He is one of the two outstanding lightweight champions since Jack McAuliffe's day. Such men come along once in twenty years.

"Leonard can't go along forever. I do not pretend to believe that Barbarian could beat him at his best, but I am convinced that Benny cannot make the weight now and retain his speed and strength if he makes it. Over a long route Sid might win, as he has amazing endurance. He would have been a big card in the day when they fought from twenty-five to fifty rounds. Nelson never would have been anything but a preliminary fighter in fifteen round company."

Pearlstein is located in suite 509, Lightnever Building, Detroit. He also manages George Lamson, Pacific Coast heavyweight. About a year ago Pearlstein appeared before the New York State Athletic Commission ready to deposit a $2,500 certified check to bind a match with Leonard, but the solons would have none of it. However, Samuel is determined to get a crack at the title for his sturdy warrior.

After Sammy picked up Barbarian in a Detroit factory—somebody tipped him off about Sid's prowess—he got him plenty of work in the roped arena. It was back in 1919 that Barbarian got a taste of real fighting. Right off the reel he flattened four opponents.

His best year was in 1922 when he boxed ten no-decision bouts with high class antagonists, among them being Pinkey Mitchell, Joe Nelson, Tony Zill, Pete Hartley, Mel Coogan, Ted Marchant and K. O. Jeakle. A year before he boxed ten rounds to a draw with Rocky Kansas. Among his k. o. victims in 1922 was Ralph Brady.

A year later he defeated Jeakle in twelve rounds at Columbus; scored a technical knockout over Ever Hammer at Detroit in 6; beat Chubby Brown, and crowned his efforts in his home town by outfighting Dundee in ten. In forty matches up to that time he gathered in nine knockouts.

Only two or three weeks ago Sid thumped Nate Goldman, the crack Philadelphia lightweight. He is an improved side-wheeler over Lew Tendler. In other words with a little more seasoning, as it were, he will be a far greater fighter than the Quaker lad was. Barbarian ranks ace high among the lightweights.

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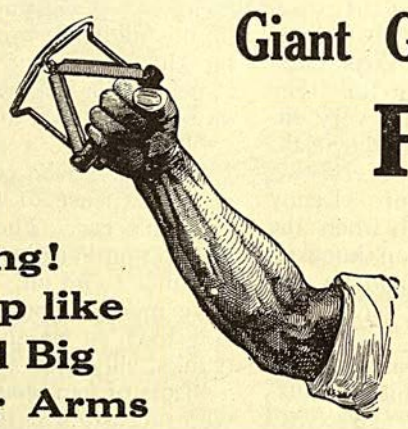

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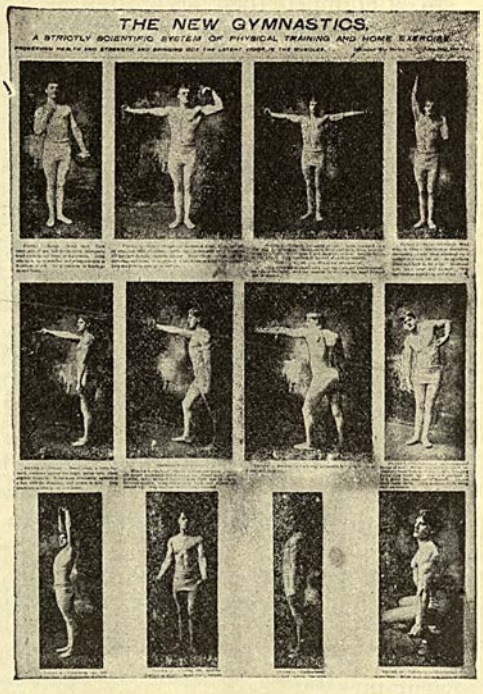

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Stranger Than Fiction

Fistic Sidelights from Boston Clear Across to the Rings of Old Manila

By BILL MILLER

Formerly Sports Editor of Manila "Daily Bulletin"

A GOODLY crowd had gathered—but it wasn't in Joe's famous pre-Volstead barroom on the Square. It was in Frank Churchill's office, on Times Square, New York City.

Most of those present were managers. The air was thick with tobacco smoke, and the conversation redolent of rosin and boxing gloves. Managers of fighters, as a rule, are excellent raconteurs. That's a polite way of saying that they are quite "windy," but they are very entertaining talkers—except when they elaborate on the merits of their boxers.

Harry Lenny had the floor. Lenny was Johnny Wilson's second when the former middleweight champion knocked out Jock Malone in Boston, and he was explaining how Wilson had scored the knockout.

Lenny is an enthusiastic and wholesouled talker, who has a habit of illustrating as he talks. With intense excitement and terrific enthusiasm, Lenny illustrated the crucial punch which had flattened Malone.

"—and in goes Johnny, and he rips two in to Malone's stomach, like this—BING! BING!"—

With the second "bing!" Lenny hauled off and walloped himself with all his power right in the pit of the stomach. It was a clean knockout, but Lenny took it standing up.

Both hands clutched around his middle, his face blue with pain, Lenny hopped around the office, first on one leg and then on the other, trying to get his wind back. The audience roared. Some called for an encore, but Lenny refused encores.

"Speaking of funny doings—" began Frank Churchill.

"What's funny about me punching myself in the stomach?" asked Lenny, belligerently.

"There were lots of them in my club in Manila," went on Churchill, rolling a cigarette as he talked.

"My fight club in Manila—the Olympic A. C.—has developed a good many Filipino boys. A lot of American boxers also got their start in Manila—among them being Captain Bob Roper, Sailor Grande, Charlie Pitts and Frank Carbone. Among the Filipinos were Pancho Villa, Pete Sarmiento, Elino Flores, Dencio Cabanela, Francisco Flores—in fact, every Filipino boxer now in the game.

"And I mustn't forget Mike Ballerino. There's a fellow who is one of the best little club fighters—"

"Aw, quit talking shop and tell your funny story," interrupted Frank Marlow, manager of Johnny Wilson, former middleweight champion.

"Anyway, we used to stage fights twice a week," continued the manager of the world's flyweight champion. "We ran our big weekly show on Saturday night. On Wednesdays we staged a bargain bill, and on this night we would give all the would-be champions and amateurs a chance. Pancho Villa is a graduate of the Wednesday night shows, and so is Elino Flores.

"There were a great many ambitious Filipino lads who craved ring glory, even at the expense of a broken beezer or a vegetable ear. These boys would storm the club on Wednesday night, begging for a chance to go on. Many of them didn't have money enough to buy an outfit of ring togs, so we always kept a supply of trunks, shoes, etc., available for them.

"Lots of 'em wouldn't use shoes. They were accustomed to going barefoot and shoes cramped their style.

"One night a slim, dark-skinned Filipino youngster, who had adopted the classy ring monicker of 'Kid Favorite,' was given his first chance in one of the prelims.

"He didn't own a pair of boxing trunks, so we sent him over to the supply room to get a pair. The supply room was run by an old Filipino, and he'd eye the applican tand make a guess at the size required. He was a pretty good judge of sizes, but, being human, he slipped up once in a while.

"The trunks he tossed Kid Favorite were equipped with faulty elastic at the waist.

"Favorite wasn't bothering with unimportant details like that. He made a makeshift half-hitch and jumped into the ring.

"Out he dashed with the gong for the first round, his eyes ablaze with ambish and pep.

"Up went his hands, and as his hands went up—

"Down went his pants!

"There he stood in the center of the ring without a stitch of clothes on. The house was in a wild uproar.

"Favorite was horribly embarrassed. He blushed from the soles of his feet clear to the hair on his head

"His opponent, also a beginner, was completely flabbergasted. He dropped his hands and stood staring at Kid Favorite with a foolish grin on his map.

"He thought it was awfully funny.

"He didn't think so a moment later.

"Kid Favorite forgot his embarrassment when he saw the other bird, unguarded, grinning at him.

"He reached down and brought one up right from the basement of the building. Everything he had went behind that punch.

"WHAM!

"And while the referee counted the other fellow out, Kid Favorite picked up his unreliable pants and held them with his left, holding his right ready to shoot another one over if necessary.

"I remember another incident there," went on Churchill.

"Hey! Give somebody else a chance," said Dan Caplin, manager of Sid Terris.

"You're next, Dan," replied Churchill. "But I want to get this one out of my system before I forget it.

"One Saturday night we had a couple of colored troopers from the Ninth Cavalry, then stationed in the Philippines, boxing on the bill.

"They were middleweights and one was known as 'Craps' Johnson. The other fellow, I believe, was named 'Demon' White.

"'Craps' Johnson was an excellent boxer—fast on his feet and well versed in the science of boxing. He got his nickname from his intense adoration of the national African pastime. 'Craps' was a dyed-in-the-wool, hundred per cent crap-shooter—he'd rather shoot craps than eat, and he didn't hate food, either.

"The 'Demon' won his name from his devastating punch.

"Old Rufe Turner, the great colored lightweight of twenty years ago, who once gained a popular decision over Joe Gans, was acting as the 'Demon's' second.

"To return to my story, 'Craps' Johnson pasted the 'Demon' all around the ring. He planted boxing gloves all over the 'Demon's' body.

"Every time the 'Demon' would gather himself together to throw a finishing punch at him, 'Craps' would dance away or duck. It looked pretty tough for the 'Demon.'

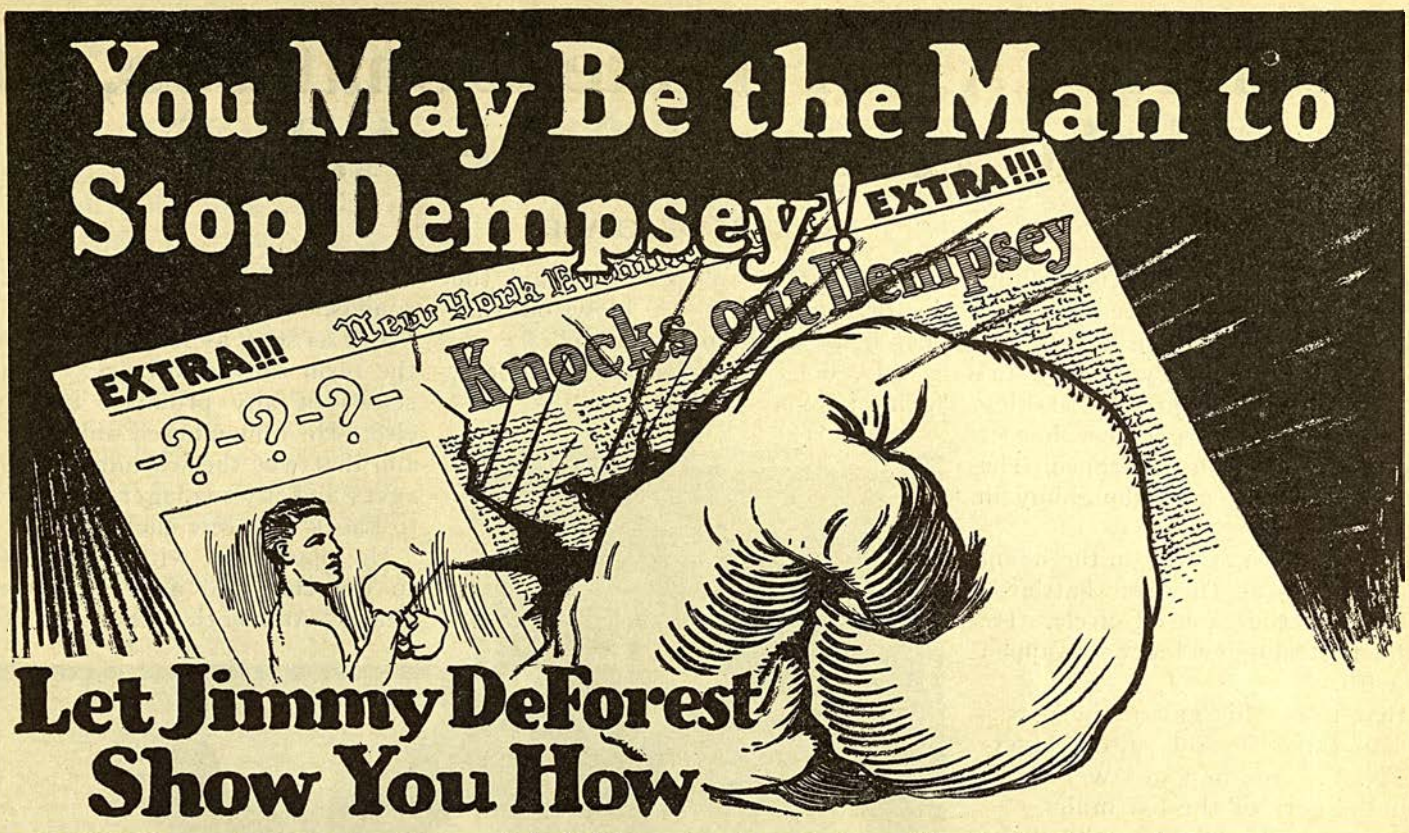
"But then Rufe Turner got his noodle working.

"Rufe knew all about 'Craps' Johnson and his weakness for the bones.

"During the sixth round there came one of those lulls that sometimes occur during a boxing match. It was quiet enough so that you could hear the thud of the boxing gloves.

(*Continued on page* 21)

You May Be the Man to Stop Dempsey!



Let Jimmy DeForest Show You How

DEMPSEY knows he can't go on forever. He freely admits that the day is surely coming when the championship crown will go skidding off his head, as it did in the case of every great champion from John L. Sullivan to Jess Willard.

The man who will stop Dempsey already exists. He may never yet have had a boxing-glove on, but that makes no difference to me. Whoever he is, wherever he is, I want to be the one to discover and develop the future champion just as I developed Dempsey, Firpo, Joe Gans, Mysterious Billy Smith, Pal Moore, Frankie Burns, and many other great champions and contenders. I am equally eager to place in the ring men now unknown and unheralded who will take the measure of Benny Leonard, Mickey Walker, and all the other champions in their respective classes.

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It makes no difference to me whether you are a raw beginner, or an experienced professional not coming along as fast as you should. My Course is so complete, comprehensive and scientific, that in a few months it will make you master of every modern blow, guard, and trick of ring-craft, and help you to develop a punch that will send you fairly flying to the top of the boxing profession. Read the outline of my Course on this page.

All that I Taught Jack Dempsey, I Will Teach You

Dempsey knew little about ring-craft when he came to me; but he left me one of the greatest and most finished fighters of all time. I will give you the same extensive training and boxing course that I gave him, including even a surprising amount of personal supervision. I have mapped out my course so scientifically that I can closely follow your progress from lesson to lesson just as if I actually had you with me at my training camp at Long Branch, N. J.

Every Blow, Guard and Trick of Ring Strategy Scientifically Taught You

During my 35 years' experience, I have introduced more new punches and blows, more original tactics in footwork and defense, more new angles in ring generalship than any other trainer, living or dead. And I can make you master of them all, if you will study my lessons faithfully and practice the blows, guards, exercises, etc., as I teach them to you.

The World's Greatest Trainers' Own Boxing Course

Remember this is not an ordinary boxing-course, nor just another boxing-book. It is a series of progressive lessons, profusely diagrammed and illustrated, and actually written and designed by me out of the great wealth of my extensive knowledge and experience. After you have take my course, you will understand why I am justly called the world's greatest instructor and conditioner of boxers.

Right in my own gymnasium, I myself put on the gloves with another expert boxer, and in that way worked out my course lesson by lesson. As one result, I have been able to fill my course with diagrams of my own making which will prove of great help to you in studying just how each blow should be struck, blocked or ducked.

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My course will not only insure you a fine, vigorous, symmetrically developed body and complete mastery of the fine art of boxing, but if you have the right stuff in you, it will also enable you to shine in a profession which affords even mediocre talent more money, glory, independence and leisure than the leaders of other professions often can command. Even the preliminary boxers earn fine incomes.

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3rd Week—Basic Attacks
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7th Week—Covering and Clinching
8th Week—Counter Attacks
9th Week—Defense against Counter Attacks
10th Week—Shadow Boxing
11th Week—Combination Punches
12th Week—Feinting
13th Week—Fighting Slow Opponent
14th Week—Fighting Fast Opponent
15th Week—Fighting Purely Defensive Opponent
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18th Week—Pitfalls and Traps
19th Week—How to Deliver Knock Out Blows
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My Victory Over Mike Donaldson, One of the Heroes of the A. E. F.

By LOUIS DE KLADE

MIKE DONALDSON is a moniker which acquired quite a bit of lustre in the late World War. Mike is the chap who was singled out by "Black Jack" Pershing as one of America's greatest heroes on the shell-torn fields of France. The world knows Mike as a doughboy in the trenches.

I know him as a fighter on the hemp rostrum. He was the first battler I ever faced in the squared circle. He was the first slugger I ever swapped socks with.

At that time, this gallant hero was just plain Mike Donaldson, of Haverstraw, N. Y. And he and I were both ham-and-eggers of the fist-mill.

Let me describe what happened the night I licked Mike in the second stanza of a comic-strip bout at the old St. Nicholas Club, in New York.

Those were the days when fighters had to peddle tickets for the shindy in order to make sure of a purse. And Mike and I both sold tickets, so his friends were there as well as mine.

And we were equals on another point, too. We were both boobs at the game and guileless gulls for the scheming fight promoters of that city. My managers were his managers and his managers were mine, and we were both poor deluded apes on the chessboard of ringdom. My managers got hold of me and said: "Don't forget, Lew, we want you to knock out this 'Turkey' tonight and it's got to be done in short order."

And then they cornered the Irish lad from Haverstraw and chirped: "Don't forget, Mike, we expect you to knock this Jew as far as Jerusalem."

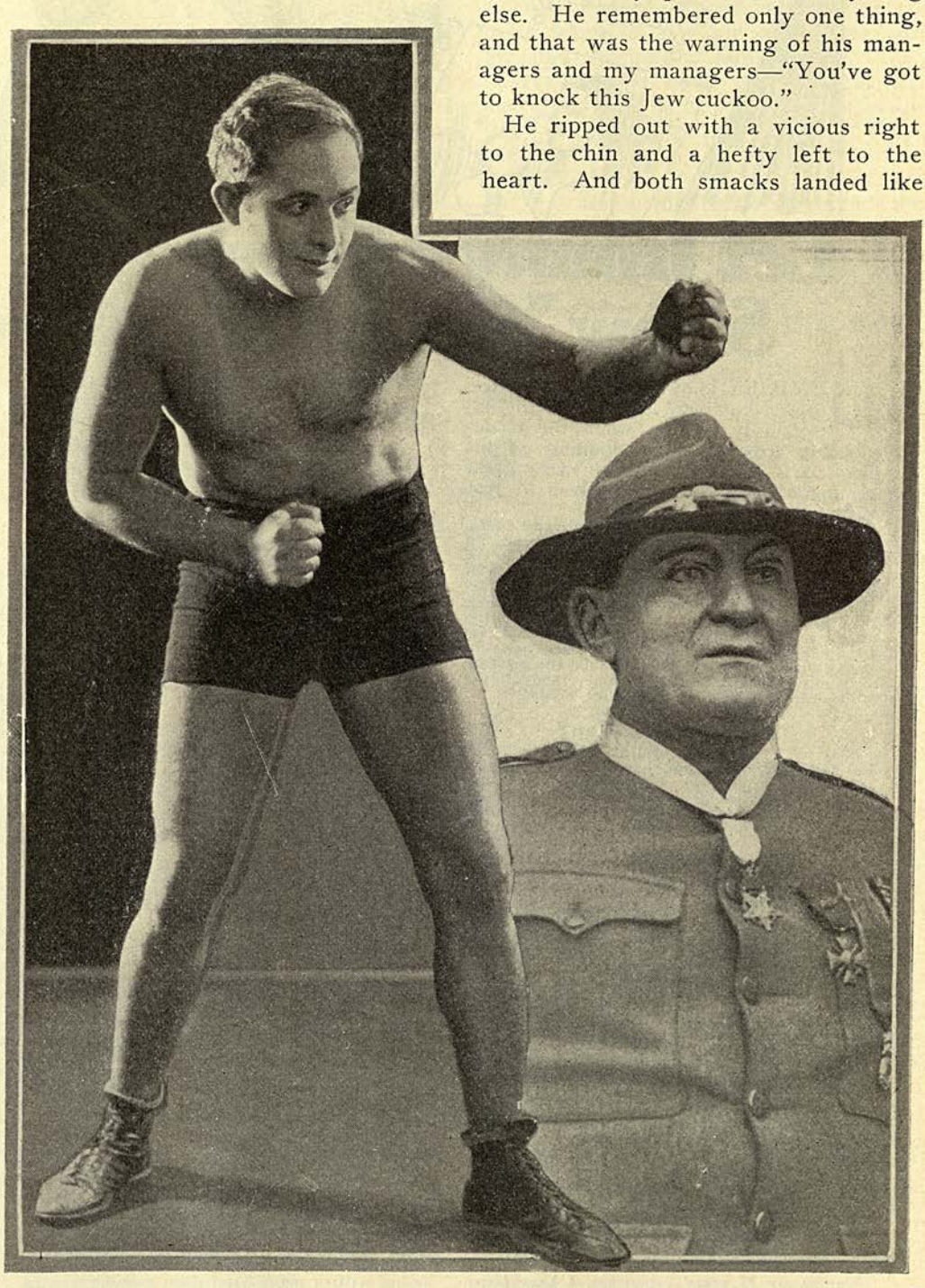
And Mike never told me that he had been instructed to knock me cold, and I refrained from telling him about the instructions I got. As a matter of fact, when we met in the malodorous dressing shack we had a mutual understanding to let the bout go the limit.

For my own part, I was a little more reasonable than Mike. When the examining physician gave us the well-known "O. O." he glimpsed an unsightly bulge where Mike's belly was supposed to be and asked Mike to explain its presence.

"That's beer," gurgled Mike. "I always train on lager and ale."

"This fight can't go on," said the doctor, excitedly. "A blow on that beer belly might prove fatal."

"Aw, doc," we pleaded in chorus, "don't take us off."



Louis De Klade and Sergeant Mike Donaldson (right)

"I'll let the bout go on under one condition," chirped the doc, at length, "and that is that you (pointing to me) won't crack this guy on the belly."

And right then and there, Mike and I agreed to dance around for the six rounds.

But as soon as we set our trilbies on the resin canvas Mike was all unconscious of any promises or anything else. He remembered only one thing, and that was the warning of his managers and my managers—"You've got to knock this Jew cuckoo."

He ripped out with a vicious right to the chin and a hefty left to the heart. And both smacks landed like dynamite gone mad. I was as groggy as a butterfly in a tornado. The fans were cat-calling and cheering, but to me there was nothing but silence. I

(*Continued on page* 17)

Jeff Smith, the Globe Trotting Pugilist

By "JERSEY" JONES

GENTLEMEN of a philosophical turn of mind may persist in reminding us that "Youth Must Be Served," but you can't prove it by Jerome V. Jeffords, formerly of Bayonne, N. J., now of Mount Holly, N. J.

Mr. Jeffords, a quiet, retiring, but extremely likable and gentlemanly chap, is perhaps better known to the pugilistic public at large as Jeff Smith, a cool, calculating, fearless, two-fisted fighting machine.

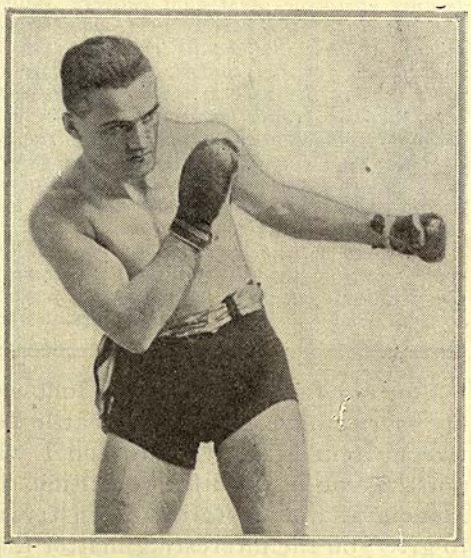
Jeff, who only recently passed his thirty-second birthlay, has been battling for well onto fifteen years. In that time he has travelled and fought all over the civilized world—throughout the United States, in Canada, Mexico, South America, the British Isles, Continental Europe, South Africa, Asia, the Philippines and Australia. He has made two complete trips around this turbulent sphere, and several individual trips to Europe and Australia.

Although the record books credit Jeff with about 250 ring battles, Jeff himself estimates that the actual number of fistic engagements in which he has participated approximates 600. During his rambles around Old Mother Earth, Jeff has figured in scores of scraps he did not bother listing.

It is not on record that Jeff ever sidestepped an opponent. He has met 'em all, regardless of creed, color or calibre. A middleweight himself, seldom scaling over 160 pounds, Jeff has battled light-heavyweights and heavyweights. At times he has spotted his rivals as much as twenty pounds in weight, and has beaten them!

Yet today, after fifteen years of steady campaigning in home and foreign rings, Jeff is still fighting and performing in great style. Only recently he flashed one of the most remarkable exhibitions of fistic skill ever seen in a New Orleans ring when he completely outclassed and thoroughly defeated Anthony (Young) Marullo, the Crescent City sensation who had previously knocked out Bryan Downey, Harry Foley, Young Denny, Bob Sage and other prominent middleweights.

During his entire career Smith has lost only six decisions. He has never been knocked out—not even knocked down—although he has tangled with the best the world has produced in the past fifteen years—Georges Carpentier, Les Darcy, Willie Lewis, Mike Gibbons, Jimmy Clabby, Eddie McGoorty, Mike Glover, Gus Christie,



Jeff Smith

Jack McCarron, Mick King, George Chip, Mike O'Dowd, Panama Joe Gans, Mike McTigue, Tommy Loughran, Billy Britton and Harry Greb.

But the tragedy of it all is that the globe-trotter never has been given a crack at the world's middleweight title. Every ruler of the 160-pound roost, from Frank Klaus down to the present champion, Harry Greb, have all sidestepped the Bayonne master.

Jeff at present is living in Mount Holly, N. J., a short ride out of Camden, with his wife and three boys. He attributes his long service in the ring to the fact that he never smokes or drinks, and that he takes excellent care of himself. Jeff always is in condition, and can enter the ring on a moment's notice, if necessary. His one ambition in life is not the winning of a world's fistic tittle, but to see his family well provided for.

Highly intelligent, well spoken, a family man every inch of him, Jeff is one of the real credits to the profession he represents.

MY VICTORY OVER MIKE DONALDSON

(*Continued from page* 16)

was out on my feet, dead as a doornail but still standing.

Or, to be accurate, I was asleep but Mike didn't know enough about knuckle-pushing to walk away from me and let me lie down. If he had stepped aside I would have keeled over and hit that canvas as flat as a coat of paint.

But Mike kept up his infighting and punched and slugged until he knocked me back into consciousness.

My grogginess left me. I was myself again. The bell rang and I staggered to my corner. I was still a few feet this side of Slumberland, although I hadn't landed a single punch in that round.

Mike had doubled-crossed me. Now for a sock at him!

I mosied up to this burly bruiser and let loose a rapier-like left that was peppy enough to wreck this Irish guy's whole family.

Plop!

It landed on that beer belly of his like a pin pricking a toy palloon.

Mike staggered and———

That's what I thought, too. I thought he'd keel over for a kayo.

But Mike must have read somewhere:

"He who fights and runs away
"Will live to fight another day."

He ran through the ropes and made a bee-line for the dressing room.

I was accorded a technical knockout.

I had won my first fight.

But that isn't all of the story.

Mike and I each got a check for the performance—each check written out for seventeen and one-half bucks.

I put mine into my pocket.

Mike went out the back door and hailed the hansom driver who had taken him down to the St. Nicholas and waited for him to finish the shindy.

"Here, keep the change and all," said Mike, handing the cabby his check. "Take me to the Claridge Hotel."

I thought Mike had gone plumb crazy. He was giving his 'purse' to a cabby for a hansom jag to a hotel.

But two days later, when my check came back from the bank marked "N. G.", I took off my hat to Mike and hailed him as a wise gazabo.

No wonder Pershing picked Mike as one of the greatest soldiers of the A. E. F.

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Reminiscences of a Veteran Sportsman

By AL SPINK

(Dean of American sports writers—fifth and last chapter of the great Sullivan-Ryan battle)

THE Ryan-Sullivan fight was an unfortunate one for the backers of Ryan, the "Troy Giant."

Due to the praise he received in the New Orleans newspapers and to his having won the championship from Joe Goss, Ryan was thought the better man of the two especially by those who had never set eyes on John L. Sullivan.

At New Orleans for two or three days before the battle, Ira Bride, of Mobile, Alabama, and Ed Armstrong, of Detroit, sold pools on the event. Bride and Armstrong were the regular turf auctioneers and in the pools they offered, Ryan brought $100 to Sullican's $60, $70 and $80.

When, however, Sully, standing in the ring and facing Ryan, threw off the robe which had hidden the upper part of his body there was an immediate change in the betting so that when the Richard Fox offer of $1,000 on Ryan was made at even money the bet was quickly covered by the Sullivan side.

With the placing of this bet, Sullivan and Ryan faced each other near the center of the ring and awaited the call of "time." Each was stripped to the waist, their bare hands clinched, their eyes flashing and each keen for the word that was to open their fight for the world's heavyweight championship.

If Jim Jeffries were to come back and stand facing Jack Dempsey of the present day, in size and general appearance you would have almost a replica of the two men who stood facing each other at Mississippi City on that day in February, 1882.

As Jeffries would tower over Dempsey in height and weight, so did Ryan on this occasion excel Sullivan in those two lines. The Troy Giant was at least two inches taller and ten pounds heavier than the Boston Boy.

Sullivan was so beautifully proportioned, so magnificently muscled that he appeared like a statue chiseled by one of the old masters out of Parian marble. He carried not an ounce of superfluous flesh and his muscular development was perfection itself.

Ryan, too, looked finely drawn and had evidently trained to the minute, but even before the commencement of hostilities there appeared something about Sullivan that outmatched the Trojan.

In the chapters preceding the present, Mr. Spink gave a glowing account of the incidents leading up to the great fight between Sullivan and Ryan for the heavyweight championship, traced minutely the details preceding the arrangements for the contest, showed how the fight fans in the bare knuckle days organized into partisan groups and gave a picturesque account of the scenes surrounding the ringside in Mississippi City where the fighters entered the ring. In his present and concluding article on this battle, Mr. Spink describes the fight itself as only an eyewitness can.

Beginning with the next issue Mr. Spink will review for the readers of THE RING *some of the greatest bouts he saw in his fifty years as a writer on sports.*—EDITOR'S NOTE.

You old fellows who have followed my stories have read of the battle between John L. and Paddy and I will not tire you now with a repetition. In fact, in all these stories, I am trying to give you the interesting matter that was the best part of these old-time battles without going into the lengthy and gory details that have been recited too often, now in the stereotyped story of "the fight by rounds."

It is enough to say that when time was called, Sullivan and Ryan went quickly at each other with their bare fists, Ryan leading with his left and as the blow fell short Sullivan rushed in with his both hands working fast for the body. Paddy broke ground before the furious rush and tincanned about the ring with the champion in hot pursuit, swishing wicked haymakers through the air.

John L. backed Ryan into a neutral corner and after taking a short left jab on the nose, walked deliberately in and swung a wicked right to Ryan's jaw, crashing the Trojan to the turf. Ryan was carried to his corner and it took some strenuous work on the part of his seconds to send him out for the second round in fair shape.

Sullivan, in fine humor with his success in the opening round, appeared to hold Ryan very cheaply and walking carelessly over to the Trojan's corner he snapped over a left jab to the head and followed with a stiff right to the left jaw. Paddy countered with a light left to the head and then dived into a clinch where both held on with their lefts while pumping in the right to the head and body.

Ryan edged Sullivan along the ropes, and suddenly stooping, caught the champion about the waist and heaving him high in the air, crashed Sullivan to the turf, falling on him at the same time with his entire weight. The fall ended the round and with it there were loud cheers for the "Troy Giant."

Ryan seemed anxious to mix matters at the bell for the third round, but Sullivan was now cautious. Paddy rushed in with a wild left to the head, but Sullivan merely poked out his right into which Ryan ran full tilt, sending him to the turf with a bang. He skipped over to his corner with a light laugh when he regained his feet.

Ryan was first to his feet and met Sullivan in his own corner in the fourth round. Ryan led with a left jab to the head, but Sullivan beat him to it with a wicked right hook to the jaw. As Ryan fell back Sullivan came in and sent him banging up against the ropes with another fierce right to the head. Ryan ducked out of danger and then both stood toe to toe swapping blows.

They were both breathing hard with first one, then the other's head going back with a snap. Ryan's left eye was almost closed with a right hook, but he beat Sullivan off when the Boston strong boy thought he had him going.

Ryan was stretched out flat on his back after Sullivan connected with a wild right-hand haymaker flush to the jaw. He lay on the ground bleeding badly from the mouth and nose, and while Sullivan had to be helped to his corner Ryan was carried to his chair.

Paddy, although having much the worst of the fighting thus far, and bleeding badly from the mouth, nose and eyes, came up gamely for the fifth round. Sullivan was the first to lead, missing with a left, and then sending a right uppercut to the head that landed high. Paddy rushed into a clinch and then both big fellows began to smash in short armed jolts to the body.

Sullivan brought up his free right to the head and Paddy countered with a terrific left hook to Sullivan's right eye. Both struggled about the ring trying to secure a wrestling hold when Sullivan stopped and cross-buttocked Ryan clear across the ring, Paddy falling in a heap in Sullivan's corner. He was carried to his corner and looked a pitiful sight as he sat propped up in his stool, gasping for air and the blood rolling down his face in a steady stream. Sullivan was free from punishment although he sported a lump the size of an egg alongside his right eye.

Both missed left jabs at the opening

of the sixth round, but they both landed with rights to the head. Paddy fell to his knees and as he was falling Sullivan started a wicked right hook to the head. As he saw that Ryan was almost down he suddenly checked the blow, but the steam behind it almost threw him off his feet.

Ryan was entitled to go to his corner according to the rules then in order, but he waived the right and the instant he regained his feet, rushed Sullivan to the ropes, pumping his right to the body.

Sullivan smashed Ryan about the head with tremendous right and left hooks, and Paddy stumbled and awkwardly tried to fight back. Sullivan stepped back for an instant and as he stood there, gasping for breath with his mouth wide open, Paddy clipped him under the chin with a right uppercut that sent the jaws of Sullivan together with a snap that could be h ard all over the lot. Sullivan was groggy for an instant and Paddy, heeding the calls of his seconds to "finish him," rushed in, but was met with a straight right that crashed him to the turf.

Ryan looked weak but savage when he toed the scratch for the seventh round, while Sullivan seemed roused and angered. They soon fell into a clinch and battered each other about the ring with their free right, holding on tight to each other's neck with the left.

Ryan connected solidly with a wicked right chop to the jaw and Sullivan dropped back, his arms falling at his side and looking at Ryan in a bewildered sort of way. Ryan was too tired to follow up his advantage, however, and Sullivan recuperated quickly, coming in fast with both hands dealing out tremendous punishment about the head. Ryan at last went down from a short right uppercut to the jaw.

Ryan's blows lacked their former force when he started to mix it with the champion in the eighth round. Sullivan deliberately pushed in against Ryan's face blows and connected with a furious right to the jaw that knocked Ryan down. Paddy was now almost senseless, and when carried to his corner he appeared in no condition to continue.

Now Sullivan was extremely confident as he rushed forth and soon had Ryan staggering around the ring and trying to get away from the Boston Boy's fearful onslaught. But Paddy was all in and Sully halting in his tracks and noting the weakened condition of his opponent held back his blows for a moment and then sent Paddy down and out with a right tap on the left ear which might have proven fatal to Ryan had John L. put his full strength behind it.

As the referees declared John L. winner he put his right hand on the top rope, vaulted over it and ran like a greyhound to his quarters. Reaching there he was not even breathing heavily.

Ryan on the other hand remained in the ring a few moments before recovering consciousness. Then he asked Tom Kelly, his chief second:

"What happened?"

"That rap on the ear knocked you out. I told you to look out for that fellow's right," replied Kelly.

"Oh, Tom," said Paddy, "it seemed to me that a telegraph post had fallen on me. I'm glad it wasn't that."

Before Ryan had been fairly located in his quarters, Sullivan came out of his, fully dressed and with scarcely a mark to show that he had been fighting a champion who had big bare fists.

The fight was scarcely over when my brother William and I ran to the telegraph office, but Dan O'Leary, the famous old pedestrian who is alive and well today, beat us to it. Billy, then one of the speediest telegraphers, offered to send the message out for Dan without writing it. The other operator was willing and Billy took the key and sent out the first news of the fight to a waiting world. The O'Leary dispatch went to the Daily News at Chicago and the two messages which followed to the Globe-Democrat and the Republican at St. Louis. We chronicled the first news of the great battle to the thousands eagerly awaiting the result.

To me this was the most important battle ever fought for it led to a tour of the country by Sullivan, a tour that brought boxing into a new setting, developed many boxers who later became successful and famous in the fight world and which led after a stormy voyage of seven years to a doing-away with the cruel London Prize Ring rules, rules which allowed the bare fist fighting. In its place boxing with the gloves was introduced.

July 8, 1889, or seven years after the battle between Sullivan and Ryan, the next great fight for the world's championship took place, and with Mike Donovan representing the New York Herald, I sent out the first news of that battle to a waiting world. That bout was the Sullivan-Kilrain contest.

There were no telegraph or telephone wires in Richburg, Miss., on that awful day that Kilrain and Sullivan fought in the ring there.

It was a frightful battle. The sun shone out from a clear sky and it beat down on the fighters and the crowd cruelly and fiercely. With bare fists, Sullivan and Kilrain fought until their hands were swollen to the size of boxing gloves.

As Mike Donovan, Kilrain's chief second, threw up the sponge and Charley Mitchell, another of Kilrain's seconds, threw buckets and towels into the ring, I ran for the locomotive and the first two cars that were ready for the run into New Orleans, the nearest telegraph station to the fight.

Kilrain, driven by Parson Davies and Donovan to the train, which was only a stone's throw from the ring, was scarcely seated when lickety-split we set out for New Orleans.

The locomotive running in was given right of way and we went driving into the Crescent City, a hundred miles off.

On the way in Donovan told me he was anxious to get a dispatch to the New York Herald and I told him that I was just as anxious to get one to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

So we bargained to run together from the depot in New Orleans to the telegraph office.

I had been writing about the fight half the night before and all the day while seated at the ringside and I had a bundle of manuscript all ready for the wire. Donovan had prepared a twenty-word dispatch.

We reached the telegraph office side by side, and as we got there we handed all the matter we had written to the clerk on the other side of the counter. He started to read my story and would have delayed the two dispatches had not Donovan shouted:

"Send those messages first. You can read what they say later."

The clerk took the cue and rushed the dispatches to the operators anxiously waiting, like all the world, for news of the great fight.

And so the first news of these two greatest of all bare fist battles was sent out to a waiting world by my brother and myself and we were given credit for it at the time by the entire newspaper world.

I have finished the Sullivan-Ryan story and later on will have something to say of the Sullivan-Kilrain, the most terrific and fearful battle in the entire history of the prize ring. But before I write more of Sullivan I will tell you of the rough road we fight writers traveled in the old days and of the many strange adventures we met up with.

Jim Jeffries in the Movies

HERE'S another former boxing champion in the movies! And of all of them, Jim Jeffries, the one time Abysmal Brute!

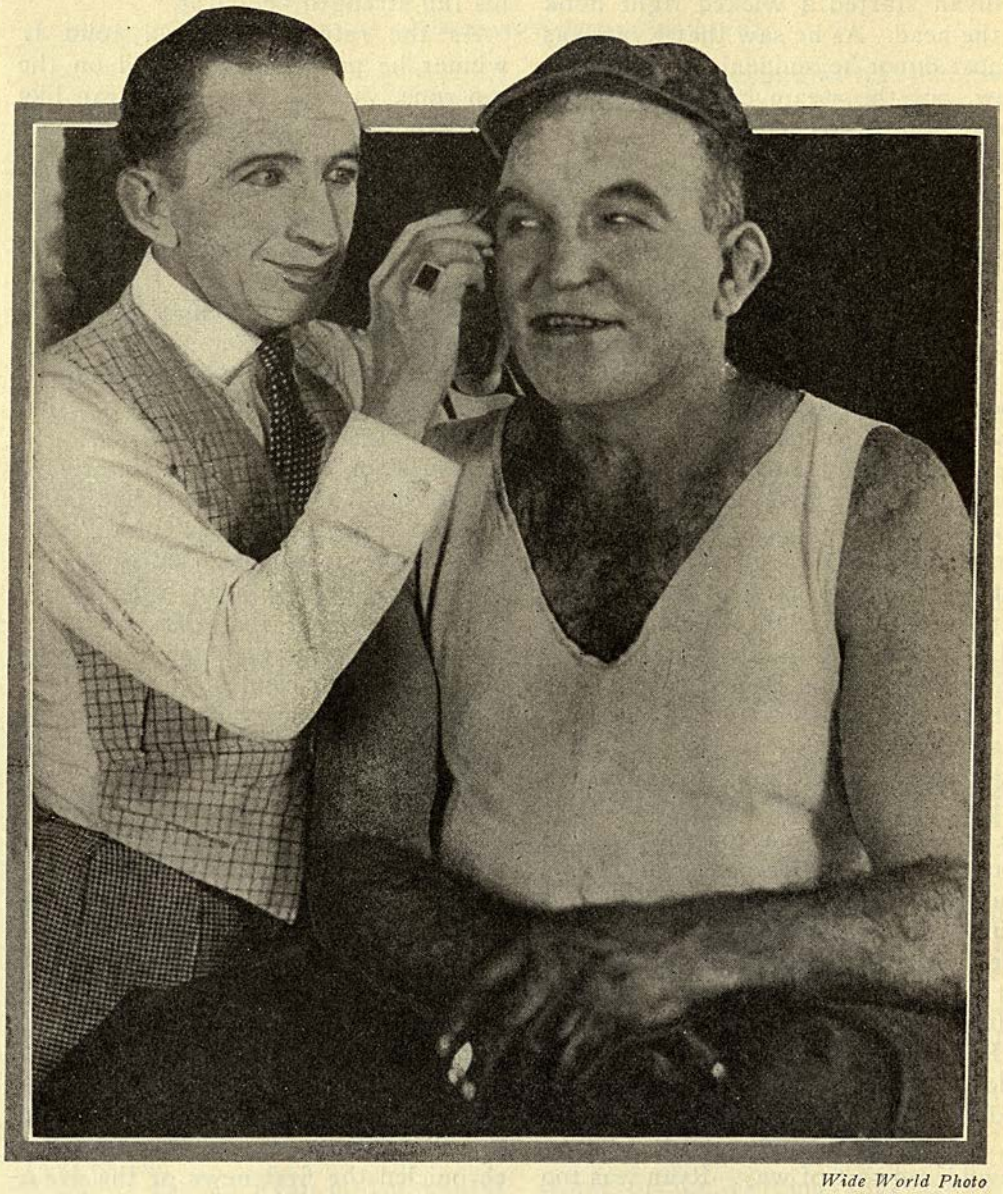
Jeffries, who went bankrupt some time ago, has gone into the silent drama in an effort to rehabilitate himself financially. He has joined Jack Dempsey, Jim Corbett, Benny Leonard, Willie Ritchie and Joe Rivers as a shadow on the silver sheet. And a burly shadow Jim is as the years advance on him and he sits back and thinks of the days when he laid the great Fitzsimmons low and reigned as the first real heavyweight champion of the world.

It will be recollected that while John L. Sullivan was recognized generally as a world champion, sticklers for historic accuracy pointed out that he had not met Peter Jackson, the champion of the British Empire, and consequently could not claim the universal laurels. Jeffries beat Jackson—a tottering Jackson it was— and became a world champion to the satisfaction of even the sticklers.

Jeffries has had hard sledding since his dismal defeat by Jack Johnson out at Reno on that hot July afternoon fourteen years back. Like most of his predecessors in the fistic limelight Jeffries is no hand for business. Financial details are beyond him and he has failed to hold what he earned in the ring.

Now he seeks the movies and soon Jeffries will come before the public again—now a shadow!

The above photo shows Larry Semon teaching Jeffries how to make up for his screen debut. Semon, before he posed before the camera was a cartoonist in New York.



Wide World Photo

Jim Jeffries and Larry Semon

The Ring Has Readers in All Parts of the World

That THE RING meets with the approval of boxing enthusiasts throughout the world is obvious from the many letters of commendation received weekly. On October 29, THE RING established a unique record when five subscriptions were received covering territory thousands of miles from New York. An idea of the interest in our publication may be gleaned from the following, all of which were received on the same day:

Eucyldes B. Marques,
Caixa Postal No. 384,
Rio de Janerio, Brazil.

Herewith enclosed please find check on The National City Bank of New York for $2.00 to cover a renewal of my subscription that expires this month. I enjoy reading your magazine and look forward to receiving it each month.

Jo Joe Tjiang,
c/o Handel My. Seng Hap,
P. O. Box 146,
Medan Deli, Sumatra, E. C.

Please enter my name on your mailing list to receive THE RING for one year commencing September, 1924. I am sending you by post office money order $2.00 to pay in full. I first saw your book in Ceylon and made up my mind to get one regularly.

L. W. Catt,
21 Malvern Avenue,
Croydon, N. S. W., Australia.

I am enclosing $2.00 for one year's subscription to your magazine to begin with the September issue. A friend in the States sent me a copy, and I never read anything that compares to your magazine. It covers the boxing field thoroughly, and it is truly the world's foremost boxing magazine. Best wishes for your continued success.

Ali K. Chamrawy,
39 Monirah St., Cairo, Egypt.

Dear Sir:—Please find enclosed money order for $2.00 (two dollars) in payment for one year subscription to your magazine THE RING. Your book is the best I've ever seen on BOXING.

Narciso J. Amadeo,
P. O. Box 2,
Vega Alta, Porto Rico.

Enclosed please find $2.00 in a money order for a year's subscription to your wonderful boxing magazine. I wish to begin with the September issue.

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HOW I TRAIN A FIGHTER

(*Continued from page 9*)

blown up. Then came the English leather bags with the pig bladder inside. Insofar as I know, I was the first man to think of making the heavy bag more resilient and less liable to injure a fighter's hands. The first heavy bags were constructed of canvas and sand. They were dead weights and fighters often came by wrist and hand injuries when using them. Then sawdust was used for a filler, but when I constructed a leather bag with a packed compound of my own for the interior I found myself in possession of the ideal thing on which to allow a man to expend his punches with all the force he could put into them.

The funny men of the newspapers have had lots of quips from time to time kidding about the use of shadow boxing, which is the exercise of fighting a fancied opponent. But to fighters of the imagination and intelligence of McCoy and Corbett the stunt is tremendously valuable in increasing speed and accuracy. Every fighter derives more or less advantage from it, but the boxer who can really imagine a foe in front of him while he is at it gets the most out of it.

The English are pretty wise in training fighters and have been at it for centuries, but one phase of training which they lack is that of the stomach muscles. Whenever I send one of my boys, or men, against an English fighter it is always with instructions to play for the stomach. They are usually found to be soft and tender in the midriff.

I would send no man into the ring unless I had developed a good "washboard" of muscular resistance on his stomach or abdomen. There are numerous exercises to accomplish it, the principal one being lying on the back and lifting the legs rigidly until they are vertically in the air.

In training Kid McCoy I developed an exercise for broadening the chest, increasing the shoulder muscles and at the same time developing the strength of the forearms which went far to making the champion of his weight of the world.

This exercise consisted in having him stretch straight on his back with his arms flat at his sides and then to lift his body in the air without changing posture and without removing his heels from the mat. It is a strenuous performance, but the Kid took the dose gamely for months; but that did not surprise me any, because he never was anything else than game.

THE LIGHTWEIGHT TOGA

(*Continued from page 11*)

sturdier than either Mandell or Terris. He has a stout fighting heart and a good fighting head. If the Chilian had the advantage of American training and handling he would be a better fighter than he now is, although he is better schooled and directed than most of the foreign champions.

The South American will stand up under campaigning better than Terris and as good as Mandell. He is better fitted to face all kinds and types of opponents than is Terris and to meet the different emergencies and crises.

The next few months will be the critical period in the development of Vicentini, Terris and Mandell. It is all a question of who will show the most improvement.

Their career is in their own making, to carve as they will. It is up to each of the youngsters to steer clear of the pitfalls that beset the path of all those who face popularity, adulation and hero worship.

If any of this trio gets to flirting with wine, women and song and the night life which continually invites a sporting hero of any kind, his development will be nipped in the bud.

Mandell seems to be the one who most is in danger of succumbing to the White Lights. The Sheik of Rockford is a handsome, debonair, smiling, nicely groomed chap who appeals to the fair sex. The danger of becoming a bee who flits from flower to flower continually confronts the handsome Illinois lad.

Terris is immensely popular among the Jewish people. He is steady in his habits and is not so easily attracted to the cabarets and dance halls as some young fellows in his position would be. But the praise and adulation is likely to make the youngster a prey to vanity and swellheadednss if he doesn't watch out.

The same thing applies to Vicentini. Cockiness is a good thing in a fighter, but it can be carried to extremes. A ring hero cannot become too egotistical. If he does he is liable to stub his toe and find himself a fallen idol.

Their best years are in front of Mandell, Vicentini and Terris. Their future is in their own making.

It is up to each of them to decide what kind of a job he is to make of it.

THE RING stands for all that is honest in the field of boxing. Its progressive policy has gained for it thousands of readers.

STRANGER THAN FICTION

(*Continued from page 14*)

"Suddenly Rufe reached into his pocket and drew forth a silver dollar.

"There was an empty tin pail in his corner.

"He slammed the dollar with all his force into the tin pail and yelled at the top of his lungs:

"'I shoot fo'r bits!"

"When that melodious jingle and that stirring war-cry reached the ears of 'Craps' Johnson he forgot everything.

"He forgot where he was—

"But he didn't forget craps.

"'Shoot, nigger, shoot!' he yelled to Rufe. 'Yo' am faded!'

"The next instant there was a solid 'thwack.' The 'Demon' had found his opportunity. 'Craps' Johnson had stood still long enough to let him connect.

"They revived him in the dressing-room half an hour later."

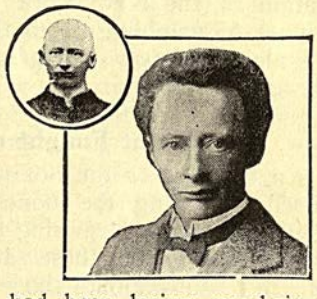
"I'll bet that cured 'Craps' Johnson," said Harry Lenny.

"It sure did," said Churchill.

"No more crap-shooting for him, eh?" said Pete the Goat.

"Crap-shooting?" said Churchill, surprised. "It cured him of boxing, not crap-shooting. He never put the gloves on again, but he certainly wouldn't quit shooting craps—not for one measly knockout!"

Has New Hair
Kotalko Did It



"I had been losing my hair gradually for a long time. At last I had become almost completely bald, with hardly a hair on my head.

"The small photograph is taken from a foot ball group and can be verified by any number of people who know just how I looked when bald. The larger photo shows my appearance after using three boxes of Kotalko."

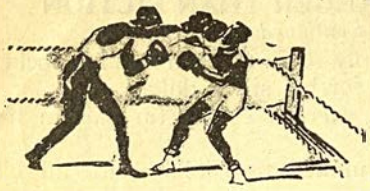
This verified statement is by Jack Evans, well known athlete. He is but one of the big legion of users of Kotalko who voluntarily attest it has stopped falling hair, eliminated dandruff or aided new luxuriant hair growth. You can buy a full-size box of Kotalko at almost any busy druggist's.

BOX FREE

To prove the efficacy of Kotalko, for men's and women's hair, the producers are giving Proof Boxes to those who ask.

Write to

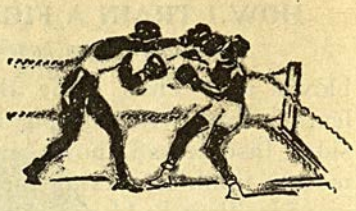
KOTALKO OFFICE, A-201, Station L, New York



As We See It

Crisp Comment on Current Ring Problems

By NAT FLEISCHER
Publisher and Editor of THE RING



UGLY rumors, spread by responsible persons who should know better, filled the atmosphere following the knockout of Mike Ballerino by Kid Sullivan in their junior lightweight championship bout in Madison Square Garden last month. These reports, to the effect that the bout was framed and that big gamblers had paid Ballerino considerable money to permit himself to be decisively defeated in the fourth or fifth round, found their way into newspaper print.

These articles, unfounded, unsupported by facts, injured the reputation of a good, honest fighter who gave a splendid exhibition of scientific boxing and fighting, and added to the black cloud that has been hovering over the sport for many months.

* * * * *

What Was the Motive?

WHAT the motive was behind the attacks on the honesty of Kid Sullivan and Mike Ballerino, we cannot say. But from our observation at the ringside and from our knowledge of the leeches of the boxing game—those same petty New York gamblers who were responsible for the crookedness of White Sox-Cincinnati world's series—we can safety say that it was those cheap, filthy "sports" who spread the ugly rumors. They bet heavily on Ballerino winning, only to find that Kid Sullivan crossed the wires by outclassing his Bayonne opponent.

It is time to call a halt on these leeches. It is time to call a halt on the gamblers who by degrees are undermining all branches of professional sports and bringing boxing, in particular, to a degrading level.

The New York State Boxing Commission can eliminate this weak part of the boxing game and should eliminate it. The most drastic measures should be taken, even if it requires the cooperation of the New York City detective force, to wipe the element of gambling from the field of pugilism, for this, and this alone, will save the game from the destruction which faces it.

* * * * *

Fight Fought on the Level

IT is a disgrace to the boxing game to have any question raised regarding the honesty of the Sullivan-Ballerino bout. It is most surprising how often persons make grave charges yet how seldom these same persons offer even a shred of evidence to substantiate those charges. The writer for one, emphatically declares the fight fought on its merits and that the better, more experienced, cleverer and harder hitting boxer won.

There is not a person we ever have seen either in the ring or on the stage who could have acted that knockout drama of the fifth round. Barring the Firpo-Dempsey fight, that round was the most sensational we have seen in many years. No one can convince the writer that Ballerino flopped according to a prearranged plan. He flopped because the cuckoos called him the moment Sullivan's fist crashed against his jaw.

* * * * *

Gamblers Responsible

THE gambling element would have the public believe that Ballerino sold himself for money. What an idiotic statement!

Here was a young fellow with a big fortune in his hand, who, according to the scandal mongers accepted a bribe of $2,500 to "lay down." Just think of it! A paltry $2,500 when had Ballerino gained the title, that victory would have meant $50,000 at least in his jeans.

Does it seem plausible?

As Hype Igoe, veteran sports critic of the New York Morning *World,* remarked:

"Switching of odds means nothing. Sullivan has a tremendous following and when that following reached the Garden, and flooded the bull pen with its money, it was only natural that the odds would shift in Sullivan's favor. This is the natural result of heavy betting. I for one will stand my ground that the fight was on the level."

George B. Underwood, fistic expert of the New York *Telegram-Mail,* one of the greatest writers on boxing in America, an expert whose opinion on boxing is worth its weight in gold, on the day following the Sullivan-Ballerino fight had this to say:

"It is ridiculous to charge Sullivan and Ballerino with faking. No fight ever fought in the Garden was decided on its merits more so than this contest. It was simply a case of Sullivan changing his style of fighting against Ballerino. He slipped through the openings and met Ballerino's rushes with well-timed, terrific blows. Sullivan, in his many years of fighting, never showed to better advantage than he did in this bout and the gambler's cry of "fixed" is nothing more than the cry of a losing element whose guesses went wrong."

* * * * *

Discouraging Foul Fighters

OUT in Wisconsin, the State Boxing Commission has hit upon a novel way to discourage boxers from committing fouls. Following the suggestion of the New York State Board that boys disqualified for fouling have their purses turned over to the State Treasurer to become part of the State funds, the Wisconsin commissioners recently held a meeting and decided to go the New Yorkers one better.

Finding that the state law would have to be amended by the legislature were the purses of disqualified boxers to be turned into the state treasury, the Commission decided that hereafter such money will be divided among the needy charitable institutions of all denominations. This is certain to meet with approval, more so in fact, than the plan adopted in New York.

Fighters will know, at least, that their loss proves a needy person's gain.

* * * * *

Eliminate Incompetent Seconds

A FEW weeks ago, a California featherweight, Joe Souza, brother of Babe Herman, was forced to quit in the tenth round of a bout with Charley Phil Rosenberg in New York City because of temporary blindness. This condition was brought on by the effects of a solution used by one of Souza's seconds to stop the flow of blood from a cut over the left eye.

Upon reading of Souza's case we expressed astonishment that there are not more boxers incapacitated through improper care of wounds by their handlers. Many a fight we have seen in Madison Square Garden and other arenas where boxer after boxer was manhandled by seconds who never should have been permitted to obtain a license to ply their "trade."

We have seen cases where blindness was brought on through infection by dirty gloves, but here the negligence was not on the part of the seconds, but the referee who failed to realize the danger of fighting with gloves full of resin. But within the past year we have noticed so much incompetent handling of boxers that it is really astonishing how so many of the fighters come through unscathed.

Only a few weeks ago in Madison Square Garden we saw a flagrant case. The eye of one of the boys in a preliminary bout was badly cut, and every time this lad went to his corner, his chief second first rubbed a filthy towel over the boy's body, then took this same towel and wiped away the blood from a severe cut over the eye.

Incompetent seconds should be done away with.

The Boxing Commission in each state should be as strict in the licensing of seconds as in the licensing of boxers. They should be even more severe in their examination of seconds

because one or more casualties might spell the death knell of boxing.

Let us have no more of these seconds. They should be watching the fight from chairs other than those reserved for seconds.

* * * * *

It Pays to Be a Fighter

SHADES of John L. Sullivan! Just take a peek at the income tax returns published recently. William Harrison Dempsey, better known as Jack, is down for more than $90,000 and John Kearns, manager of the aforementioned William Harrison Dempsey, is down for a mere $75,000.

These combined returns of $165,000 on the earnings of the heavyweight champion of the world indicate that he made close to $1,000,000 in 1923. Seemingly, it pays to be a fighter. The great Sullivan probably made less in his entire career both as a fighter and the heavy lead in "Kind Hearts" and "Willing Hands" than Dempsey gets for just a few minutes of action.

Jim Corbett and Peter Jackson, the greatest heavyweights who ever met in a contest, fought for only $10,000 in all, with $2,500 to the loser, when they battled sixty-one rounds in their memorable draw at San Francisco. Jim and Peter never paid any income taxes, but it's quite likely that they would not have paid $90,000 on the earnings of all their bouts.

It pays to be a fighter.

* * *

The Featherweight Tournament

BOXING critics outside of New York—and many of them inside New York—look askance at the New York Commission's announced plans for a tournament to decide who shall take up the featherweight title resigned by Johnny Dundee. Elimination tournaments in professional boxing have been unsatisfactory rather uniformly. They usually eliminate nobody and bring up new rancors and new questions for debate.

The list of featherweights named by the Commission is neither inclusive nor conclusive. It's as full of holes as a genuine Swiss cheese and some unfeeling critics might go so far as to say that the resemblance to Swiss cheese does not stop with the holes. Incidentally, how is the Commission to allow Dundee to challenge the grand winner when Dundee already has quit the class and has been barred from making the featherweight limit?

Every day in every way we get more evidence that a real national boxing association is badly needed. It should not be in the power of any state commission to name national and world champions. The present national association is pretty much a joke. There is no cohesion among the state and municipal commissions. Jealousy runs rampant.

* * *

National Board's Inconsistency

THE National Boxing Association, which recently met in Cincinnati, was somewhat inconsistent in its treatment of championship titles. The Association "recognized" McTigue as the world's light heavyweight champion, and Tunney as the American champion of the class. That decision was in accordance with the facts. Then the Association turns a back somersault by "recognizing" Pancho Villa as the flyweight champion of America, completely ignoring the undeniable right of Frankie Genaro to that title. The National Association seems to be ignorant of the fact that Villa won the American title from Johnny Buff and lost the same title to Genaro. Villa later won the world's flyweight title from Jimmy Wilde, and that was the only title held by Villa when he set sail for his native land.

Another inconceivable act by the Association was in naming Pinky Mitchell as the junior welter champion. Mitchell "won" this title in a voting contest that took place in his home town of Milwaukee! If all titles were to be contested for on the basis of popular votes, Valentino would soon hold the championships of all classes. If the National Boxing Association expects to have its rulings respected it will have to cut out such tomfoolery as electing champions by vote.

* * *

WHAT IS WRONG WITH BOXING? continues to be the big topic wherever fight fans congregate.

Even in New York City, the greatest boxing center in the world, the fistic game is practically at a standstill. Madison Square Garden, which last year at almost every show catered to a capacity or near capacity house, is finding it mighty difficult to get an attendance of more than 7,000. Things are beginning to pick up a bit, but not sufficiently to point to as prosperous an indoor season as last year.

There are many reasons for this falling off in patronage as we pointed out in the last issue, the primary one being the failure of promoters to obtain the services of champions. The title holders are continuing to hold out for exorbitant purses and the promoters are continuing to refuse their demands. Neither is willing to meet the other half way.

There is nothing that will stimulate the interest in boxing more than the announcement of a championship battle, hence it behooves the nation's big fight promoters to plan some means of acquiring the services of champions in several divisions. One or more championship bouts will be the salvation of boxing this winter. Common sense in the promotion of matches is needed and the sooner matchmakers and the top notchers begin to show a little of this common sense, the better for the sport.

* * * * *

Blames the Champions

WE came across an interesting article by Ed Curley, fight expert of the New York *American,* a few days ago in which Curley lays stress upon the part champions have taken in the dilemma boxing finds itself as the indoor season starts. Curley takes the same view THE RING took in its last issue. He places the entire blame upon the champions. His article is worth repeating.

"Now that the noble pastime of socking is staggering around like a man with rubber legs, the members of that profession are emitting shrieks of distress," says Curley.

"The whole fault rests with our champions. These lucky gentlemen believe their titles are personal property instead of public. They suit themselves regarding the defense of their titles, and their ridiculous tactics put a blight on the sport.

"Start with Jack Dempsey and run down the line to Villa. The heavyweight champion couldn't possibly fight indoors, for the 'take' would be insulting. It becomes his duty to go forth and brighten up the vaudeville stage and illuminate the films.

"Mike McTigue, the light heavyweight title holder, challenges everybody in the world, but when offered a match cries, 'Why doesn't he fight somebody else and let me alone?'

"Harry Greb, the middleweight champion, is different. Greb's answer to offers is, 'Bring on the challenger.' That's the reason Greb is piling up the mazuma.

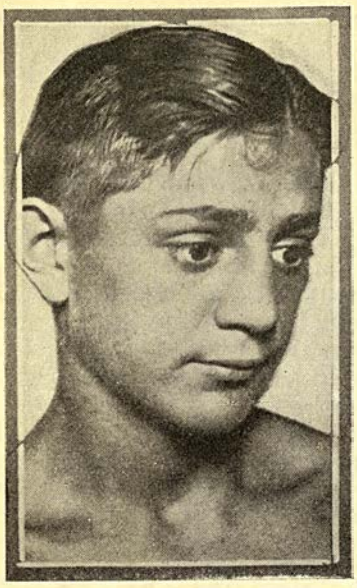
"Mickey Walker, the welterweight title holder, is stymied by our commission for not fulfilling an engagement with Dave Shade. Why Mickey does not fight Shade we don't know, for there is hardly any doubt that he would win.

"Benny Leonard, the lightweight champion, is working hard every day in a studio, and expects to go out on the road shortly. Benny declares he's not keen to do much more fighting. He explains his modesty by saying there were no good boys to fight him last Summer. Again, he hurt his thumb, which bumped him out of a fortune in a contemplated match with Walker.

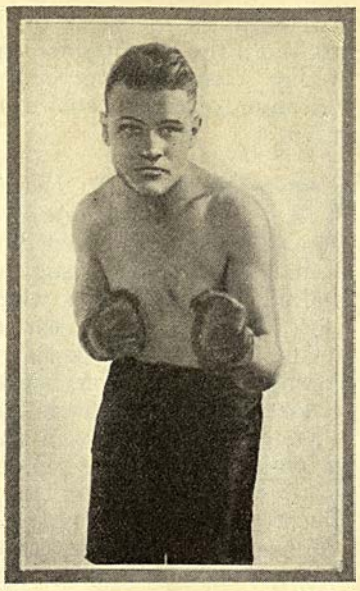
"Abe Goldstein, the featherweight champion, loves his crown too much to put it in jeopardy. Abraham defended it twice, but it wasn't such a terrible risk.

"Villa, the flyweight champion, suddenly got a cramp in his shoulders and became muscle bound when the night for his battle with Frankie Genaro arrived.

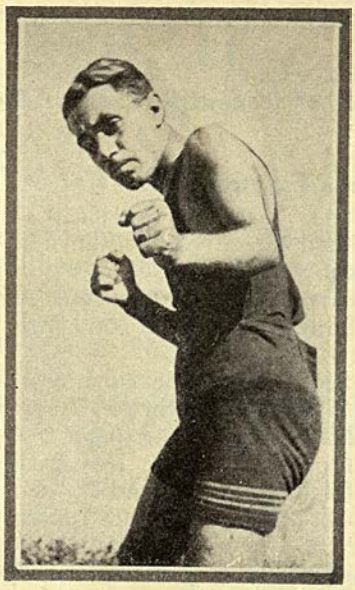
"We'll leave it to your uncle if the champs are not solely to blame for putting the kibosh on the sport which made them famous and rich. The 'ayes' have it."



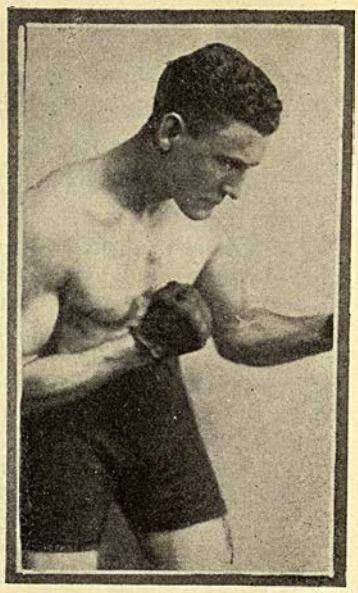
Ruby Goldstein, former amateur champion, now in pro ranks



Johnny Gleason, who is going great guns among Coast feathers



Larry Reynolds, of New York's East Side



Rocky Marion of Richmond, Va., a good middleweight

Results of Boxing Bouts

(In all states where decisions are not rendered, decision here rendered is that of the consensus of newspaper verdicts in city where fight took place)

SEPTEMBER

30—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Sammy Mandell beat Johnny Adams, four rounds.
Tony Fuente knocked out Jack McGreer, two rounds.

30—San Jose, Calif.:
Dick Wallace wins on foul from Han Roberts, fourth round.
Young Carpentier beat Min Minnick, four rounds.

30—Denver, Colo.:
Young Nobe beat Abe Mishkind, four rounds.
Ray Long beat Elmer McMullen, three rounds.

30—Zanesville, Ohio:
Tiger Flowers wins on technical knockout over Battling McGee, four rounds.

30—Dublin, Ireland:
Bartley Madden knocked out Tim McDonald, eleven rounds.

OCTOBER

1—Wilmington:
Frank Farren beat Freddie Wilder, four rounds.
Tony Fuente knocked out Sunshine McClure, two rounds.

1—Oakland A. A., San Francisco, Calif.:
Jeff Smith drew with Ray Pelkey, four rounds.
Red Uhlan beat Joe Miller, four rounds.
Earl France beat Jimmy Lanning, four rounds.
Young Dudley beat Chick Roach, four rounds.
Billy Rayes drew with Bobby Burns, four rounds.
Sailor Maley stopped Frenchie Coalman, one round.
Mike Seigel beat Chic Magill, four rounds.

1—National Hall, San Francisco, Calif.:
Joe Roche beat Eddie Mahoney, four rounds.
Pat Lester stopped Truck Hanna, three rounds.
Ed Warner beat Charley Martino, four rounds.
Freddie Hope beat Johnny Drexel, four rounds.
George O'Rourke beat Tony Cruz, four rounds.
Young Franklin drew with Joe Morrisey, four rounds.
Young Frankie Brown stopped Leonard McDonald, two rounds.
Frankie Bray stopped Louis Cruz, one round.

3—San Mateo, Calif.:
Young Dudley beat Jimmy Dunn, four rounds.
Billy Alger knocked out Jimmy Ryan, first round.

3—San Pedro, Calif.:
Dixie La Hood beat Felix Villamore, four rounds.

3—Spokane, Wash.:
Joe Simonich beat Pep Webster, ten rounds.
Mack Lillard beat Ray Morrell, eight rounds.
Frankie Doyle beat George Maddock, six rounds.

3—Olympia:
Tod Morgan knocked out Danny Edwards, fifth round.
Billy Mendez beat Toney Jamieson, four rounds.
Young Casey beat Sammy Young, four rounds.
Buck Longmire beat Everett Williams, four rounds.
Johnny Bray drew with Joe Morgan, four rounds.

3—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Georgie Marks beat Eddie Kelly, four rounds.
Tommy Carter wins on foul from Kid Jordan, second round.

3—Dreamland Rink, San Francisco:
Tommy Cello beat Lefty Cooper, four rounds.
Sammy Compagne drew with Dynamite, four rounds.
Vic Morrison beat Mike Doyle, four rounds.
Pickles Martin beat Chick Rocco, four rounds.
Eddie Lemdewig beat Frankie Thomas, four rounds.
Benny Marks beat Kid Magsambol, four rounds.
Al Robinson knocked out Johnny Lotti, three rounds.

3—Compton:
Jimmy Byrne knocked out Billie Emmert, first round.

3—Sacramento:
Mickey O'Donnell drew with Henry Falagane, four rounds.

3—Denver, Colo.:
Teddy Gartin beat Johnny Griffiths, three rounds.

6—Portland:
Babe Herman beat Bud Ridley, ten rounds.

6—New Orleans:
Frankie Genaro beat Eddie O'Dowd, fifteen rounds.

6—Mansfield, Ohio:
Johnny Risko beat Joe Lohman, ten rounds.

6—St. Paul:
Martin Burke beat Fred Fulton, ten rounds.

6—Walla Walla, Wash.:
Richie Davis beat Georgie McCormack, six rounds.
Al Summers beat Charles Bulger, six rounds.
Tommy Gardner knocked out George Colbert, two rounds.
Al De Silva drew with Sammy Price, four rounds.
Eddie Kid Whalen drew with Mickey Rose, four rounds.

6—Milwaukee:
Pete Sarmiento drew with Joey Sanger, ten rounds.

6—Boston:
Cannonball Eddie Martin wins on foul from Bobby Wolgast, eight rounds.
Tommy Murray beat Johnny Cuthbert, eight rounds.
Cyclone Harris wins on foul from Wolf Larsen, three rounds.

6—Grand Rapids, Mich.:
Jimmy Delaney beat Young Bob Fitzsimmons, ten rounds.
Dave Burke drew with Lee Philbin, eight rounds.

6—Broadway Exh. Assn.:
Mickey Brown beat Ernie Goozeman, twelve rounds.
Billy Kennedy beat Mike Castle, six rounds.
Archie Bell beat Joey Ross, six rounds.
Abraham Moses beat Johnny Vinney, six rounds.
Sammy Shack beat Murray Bresner, four rounds.

6—Portland, Ore.:
Babe Herman beat Bud Ridley, ten rounds.

6—New Orleans:
Frankie Genero beat Eddie O'Dowd, fifteen rounds.

7—Fresno, Calif.:
Kid Kopecks beat Georgie Lee, four rounds.

7—Atlanta, Ga.:
Harry Fay drew with Jack Reddick, twelve rounds.

7—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Phil Salvadore beat Sammy Mandell, four rounds.

7—Paris, France:
Lucien Vidz beat Fred Bretonnel, twenty rounds.

7—Albany:
Andy Tucker beat Juan Beiza, ten rounds.
Willie Dillon knocked out Murray Elkins, seven rounds.
Benny Tell beat Eddie Lynch, ten rounds.

8—Scranton, Pa.:
Tony Palmer knocked out Billy McCarthy, three rounds.
Johnny Coolbaugh drew with Carl Dehlman, four rounds.

8—Mitchel Field, L. I.:
Jack Adnit beat Johnny Gleason, six rounds.
Nick De Salvo beat Solly Smith, six rounds.
Young Ebbets and Joe Thomas declared no contest in fourth.
Henry Molineri wins on foul from Sammy Kaufmann, two rounds.

8—Wilmington, Calif.:
Kid Mexico drew with Mickey Rockson, four rounds.

8—Wilmington:
Dandy Dillon beat Billy Hogan, four rounds.
Joe Schlocker and Johnny La Marr, stopped by referee in three rounds for stalling.

9—Chicago:
Connie Curry drew with Phil O'Dowd, ten rounds.
Eddie Shea knocked out Bobby Keyes, two rounds.
Frankie Welsh knocked out Jimmy Finley, eight rounds.
Eddie Raynor beat Tony Sanders, six rounds.

9—Rink S. C., Brooklyn:
Jack Zivic knocked out Johnny Darcy, six rounds.
Mike Satnick beat Tommy Devine, four rounds.
Harry Duer stopped Freddy Locke, two rounds.
Ralph Nischo knocked out Andy Green, two rounds.
Charley Hahn beat Bernie Hufnagle, six rounds.
Bobby Green beat Joe Eulo, four rounds.

9—102nd Medical Reg.:
Jack Tilyou beat Wildman Gould, twelve rounds.
Bob Anderson beat Bobby Murray, eight rounds.

9—Columbus S. C.:
Johnny Rocco wins on foul from Eddie Brady, four rounds.
Johnny McGinty wins on foul from Dave Rosenberg, seven rounds.
Georgie Doherty drew with Izzy Cooper, ten rounds.

10—Bakersfield, Calif.:
Frankie Farren beat Joe Chaney and Billy Alverez, four rounds each.

10—Sacramento:
Mickey O'Donnell beat Henry Falagano, four rounds.

10—Cleveland, Ohio:
Carl Tremaine beat Charley Goodman, twelve rounds.

10—Los Angeles:
Young Nationalista beat Eddie McKenna, four rounds.

10—Madison Square Garden:
Louis Kid Kaplan knocked out Angel Diaz, three rounds.
Charlie Phil Rosenberg beat Irish Johnny Curtin, ten rounds.
Danny Kramer knocked out Harold Farese, fifth round.
Jackie Snyder beat Joe Stuza, six rounds.
Murray Layton beat Charlie Kohler, four rounds.

10—Waterbury, Conn.:
Tommy O'Brien beat Cuddy De Marco, twelve rounds.
Sammy Lawson wins on foul from Red Allen, three rounds.

10—Bellair, Ohio:
Tommy Gibbons knocked out Wild Bill Reed, three rounds.

10—Toronto:
Howard Mayberry beat Bobby Ebe ten rounds.

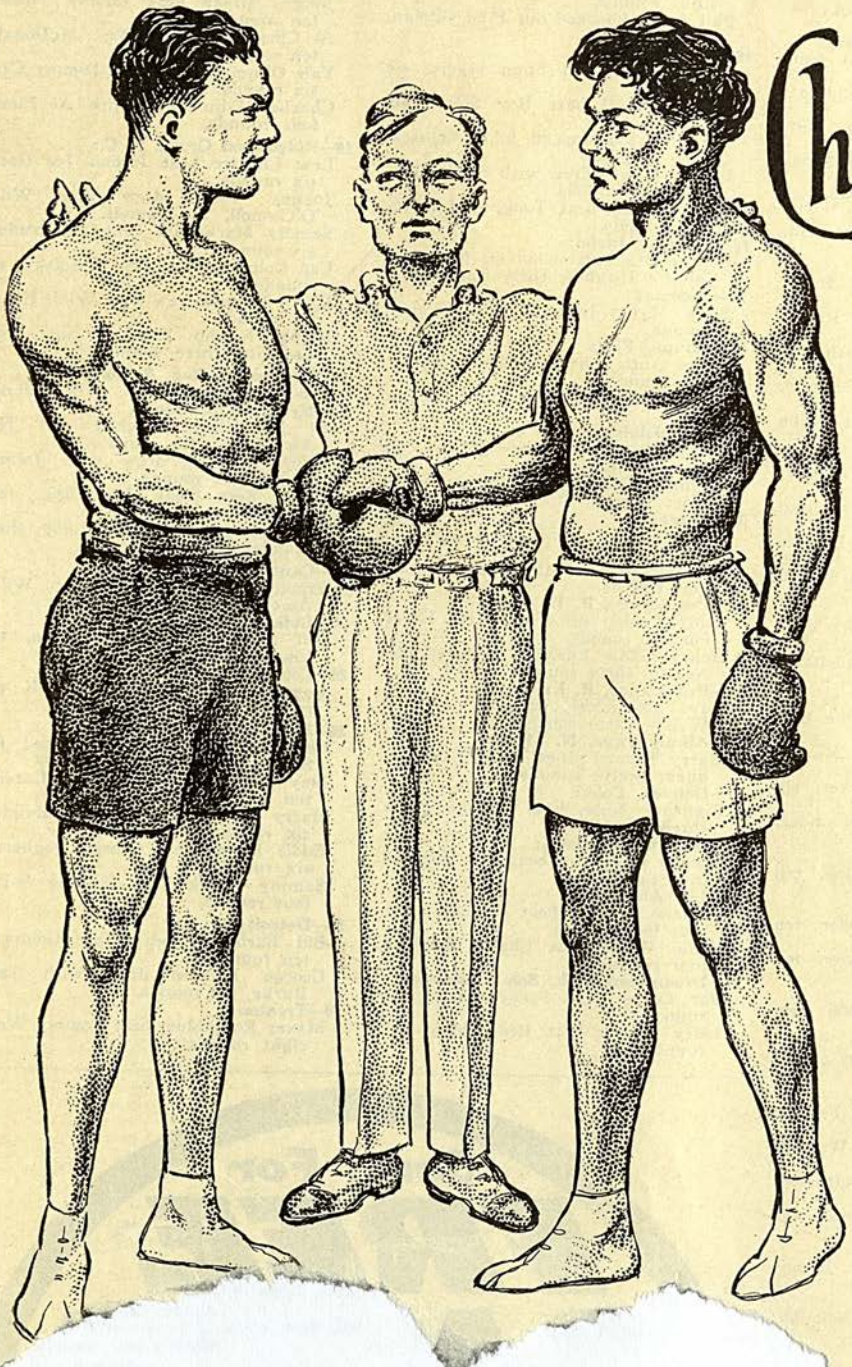
10—Providence, R. I.:
Benny Ross knocked out Billy Brewster, four rounds.

10—Detroit:
Ted Moore wins on foul from Jo Malone, six rounds.

10—Passaic, N. J.:
Mickey McAdams beat Billy Fi simmons, ten rounds.

10—Dreamland Rink, San Francisco:
Dynamite Murphy drew with Sam Compagne, four rounds.

Which of these Boxers Will Win?



Champions Are Not Born They Are Made

I Make Champs I Can Make You One

It's very seldom that a lucky blow wins a fight. As a rule, the fighter who trained properly and who learns the big tricks of the fight game gets the long end of the purse. He is the one who is there at the finish.

Now for the first time, anyone, no matter if they ever had on a glove or not, can learn the inside secrets of boxing.

I'll Teach You Tricks That Only Champs Know

You may be championship timber and not know it. My system will positively bring you out, if you have the stuff in you. Even if you only want to learn boxing for the fun of it, my system of mail coaching will enable you to quickly catch on, so that you can be the champ of your neighborhood. My method is very simple. You can learn without getting mauled and all battered up. You will learn proper rules for training; how to build fighting muscles; how and when to feint; how to take a punch and how to deliver a punch that produces knock-out results. I've taken weaklings and made them champs and I can do the same for you.

My System Never Fails— Put Me to Test

I don't give you a lot of "don'ts." I tell you what to do and furnish you with pictures of each move necessary for your boxing development. Besides my picture method, I send you coaching letters which contain the same information you would get, if I were working with you in person. I handle every man personally. I haven't had a failure yet. Every man I take must make good, because "my System Never Fails." Put me to test.

I Coach in 28 Sports— 28 Champs to My Credit

I am fifty years old and boast of having held the world's all around athletic championship for twenty years. My $1,000.00 challenge has never been accepted by anyone. I boast of a champ in almost every branch of athletics. I must be good or I wouldn't have 28 champs to my credit—not to mention the hundreds of other good men I have turned out. I'm offering you fellows an opportunity that you can't afford to miss—at least write for my book and learn all the facts—the book is free.

Rush Coupon for Free Book

Write me today, telling what sport you are interested in. Just place an "X" in the box in the coupon at left, indicating the sport which interests you—then sign and mail the coupon right away—do it now before you forget, because the number of free books is limited.

Red Uhlan beat Sailor Smith, four rounds.
Pickles Martin drew with Billy Algar, four rounds.
Georgie Spencer drew with Chick Rocco, four rounds.
Eddie Lendewig beat Sailor Jones, four rounds.
Johnny Vierra wins on technical K. O. from Jack Cobine, two rounds.

11—Commonwealth S. C.:
Tiger Flowers knocked out Jamaica Kid, ninth round.
Nick Quagerelli drew with Beny Nabers, six rounds.
Henry Colclough beat Jerome Vaughn, six rounds.
Kid Diamond knocked out Monroe Wilson, two rounds.
Young Bynoe beat Irving Benjamin, four rounds.

11—Ridgewood Grove S. C.:
Nat Pincus beat Willie Darcy, six rounds.
Lew Caputo drew with Enrique Savardo, six rounds.
Artie O'Leary knocked out Young Angelo, one round.
Charlie Feraci beat Harry Mulcahy, six rounds.
Benny Tell beat Lew Goldberg, six rounds.
Joe Marino beat Mickey Marks, four rounds.

11—Fourteenth Reg. Armory, Brooklyn:
Frankie Fay beat Jimmy Foley, ten rounds.
Arnold Ryan knocked out Joe Grillo, two rounds.
Bobby Wagner beat Willie Landers, eight rounds.
Al Kale knocked out Jack Smith, six rounds.
Tony Darcy knocked out Ernie Gold, ten rounds.
Mickey White beat Jack Hall, four rounds.

13—Pittsfield, Mass.:
Bobby Sheller beat Wop Manolium, ten rounds.

13—Philadelphia:
Harry Greb drew with Tommy Loughran, ten rounds.
Joe Tiplitz drew with Whitey Fitzgerald, eight rounds.

13—Erie, Pa.:
Johnny Freeman knocked out Tansey Norton, six rounds.

13—Buffalo:
Rocky Kansas beat Luis Vicentini, ten rounds.

13—Rutherford, N. J.:
Johnny Darcey knocked out Chick Monroe, four rounds.

13—Philadelphia:
Joe Libby knocked out Jack Palmer, two rounds.

13—Newark:
Jack Britton beat Phil Krug, ten rounds.
Tommy West beat Kid Gibbons, ten rounds.

13—Trenton, N. J.:
Tommy Kid Murphy beat Tommy Noble, ten rounds.
Sammy Fulton knocked out Peter Hisic.

13—Baltimore:
Jimmy Goodrich beat Mickey Papner, twelve rounds.

13—Salt Lake City:
Midget Smith beat Eddie McCarthy, six rounds.

13—Hoboken, N. J.:
Joe Celmers knocked out Tommy Fay, four rounds.

13—Alexandria, La.:
Kid Son knocked out Jack Sullivan, four rounds.
Kid Harry drew with Earl Burl, four rounds.
Dollar Bill beat Young Dina-Mite, three rounds.
Kid Automatic beat Sly Fox, three rounds.

14—Denver, Colo.:
George Sollis beat Benny Shannon, three rounds.

14—San Jose, Calif.:
Young Carpenter drew with Young Carmen, four rounds.
Manuel Kid Robinson beat Harry Stone, four rounds.
Al Andrews beat Al McCoy, four rounds.
Battling Kelly beat Davie Flash, four rounds.
Cyclone Offerman beat Happy Carlson, four rounds.
Kid Brown beat Tony Cruz, four rounds.
Kewpie Eckland beat Fred Pinboy, four rounds.

14—Seattle:
Joe Simonich drew with Bobby Harper, six rounds.

14—Hartford, Conn.:
Jimmy Cox drew with Shiek Leonard, ten rounds.
Emil Paluso beat Al Felder, ten rounds.
Eddie Corbett beat Young Allaire, six rounds.

14—San Antonio:
Young Ross beat Johnny Merino, twelve rounds.

14—Portland, Ore.:
Jimmy Delaney knocked out Ray Pelkey, six rounds.

14—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Fidel La Barba beat Frankie Grandetta, four rounds.
Jimmy McLarnin beat Young Nationalista, four rounds.

14—Twenty-seventh Reg. Armory:
Nick Laperuta wins on foul from Joey Baker, eight rounds.
Chief Halbran beat Jimmy Roberts, eight rounds.
Otto Pierce drew with Barney Gufnagle, eight rounds.
Al De Silva drew with Sammy Price, six rounds.
Jimmy Carlson beat Joe Fatone, six rounds.
Henry Clark beat Willie Rose, four rounds.

14—Pioneer S. C.:
Willie Harmon beat Eddie Burnbrook, ten rounds.
Frankie Fassano beat Jimmy Russo, ten rounds.
Sammy Bienfeld beat Kid Rash, ten rounds.
Henry Goldberg beat Irving Shapiro, six rounds.
Johnny Filucci knocked out Mike Satnick, one round.

14—Albany:
Rocky Smith knocked out Harry Martone, nine rounds.
Murray Layton wins on foul from Frank Buboys, two rounds.
Marty Griffis drew with Frankie Snyder, ten rounds.
George Rosch beat Al Allard, ten rounds.

14—Boston:
Jim Maloney knocked out Joe McCann, one round.
Tommy Kirby beat Jack McClelland, ten rounds.

15—Madison Square Garden:
Kid Sullivan knocked out Mike Ballerino, five rounds.
Pepper Martin knocked out Mickey Brown, eleven rounds.
Vic Brog beat Paul McCusker, six rounds.
Len Mellody beat Julia Fernandez, four rounds.

15—Miami, Fla.:
Bill Reed beat Jack Reddick, ten rounds.

15—Wilkes-Barre, Pa.:
Nat Pincus beat Tommy Galdon, ten rounds.
Joey Ross beat Eddie Covington, ten rounds.

15—Baltimore:
Benny Schwartz beat Frankie Ash, twelve rounds.

15—Worcester, Mass.:
Scoops White beat Marty Donahue, ten rounds.

15—Newburgh, N. Y.:
Sonny Cashin knocked out Frankie Fay, eight rounds.
Arnold Ryan, beat Bobby Wagner, ten rounds.
Jack Reeves, beat Jimmy Smith, ten rounds.
Red Roland beat Jimmy Burns, ten rounds.

15—Salem, N. J.:
Henry Nick knocked out Johnny Taylor, six rounds.

15—Youngstown:
Carl Tremaine beat Herb Schaifer, twelve rounds.

15—Wilmington, Calif.:
Young George beat Billy [illegible] four rounds.

15—Memphis:
Tony Caponi beat Lou Dennison [illegible] rounds.

15—San Francisco, Calif.:
Sammy Olson drew with Eddi[illegible] Govern, four rounds.
Sailor Hughes knocked out [illegible] Brown, two rounds.
Harry Scott drew with Billy [illegible] field, four rounds.
Freddie Hoppe knocked out [illegible] Burns, two rounds.
Tony Cruz beat Johnny Dr[illegible] rounds.
George Coy beat Jack Mur[illegible] rounds.
Frankie Clay beat Earl K[illegible] rounds.

16—Lowell, Mass.:
Leo Kid Roy beat Newpo[illegible] Brown, ten rounds.

16—Passaic:
Marty Silvers beat Benn[illegible] rounds.
Jimmy Hutchinson k[illegible] Frankie Barisho, four
Billy Kennedy knocked [illegible] Dixon, five rounds.

16—Perth Amboy:
Al Roberts knocked out Carl Johnson, seven rounds.

16—102nd Medical Reg.:
Al Mulcahy beat Joe Stanley, eight rounds.
Panama Ted Lewis beat Red McGee, eight rounds.
Alex Taeverski drew with Georgie Brown, eight rounds.
Vincent Peppe beat Jack Rafferty, eight rounds.
Phil Ennis knocked out Fred Ullman, one round.

16—Crystal Pool:
Dode Bercot beat Spug Myers, six rounds.
Henry Geysel beat Roy Small, six rounds.
Ole Anderson stopped John Budneck, three rounds.
Johnny Hawks drew with Harry Hansell, four rounds.
Georgie Ishii beat Toughey Lundell, four rounds.

16—Kellogg, Idaho:
George Maddock wins on foul from Johnny Hughes, three rounds.

16—Tacoma:
Spug Myers beat Al Grunan, four rounds.

17—Tampa, Fla.:
Boots Antley beat Anthony Valdez, ten rounds.
Joe Pinto knocked out King Tut, one round.

17—Philadelphia:
Willie Patterson beat Johnny De Marco, eight rounds.
Johnny McLaughlin knocked out Mart Lewis, three rounds.

17—Syracuse:
Pal Reed beat Frankie Kearns, six rounds.
Battling Barry beat Frank Disantis, four rounds.

17—Providence, R. I.:
Andy Tucker drew with Ives Horellou, ten rounds.
Henry Shaw knocked out Ted Kid Nelson, three rounds.

17—Providence, R. I.:
Dave Rosenberg knocked out Pat Walsh, three rounds.

17—Albuquerque, N. M.:
Harry Bramer drew with Mike Vasquez, twelve rounds.

17—Denver, Colo.:
Fighting Nobe beat George Sollis, three rounds.

17—Sacramento, Calif.:
Mickey O'Donnell beat Kid Kopecks, four rounds.

17—Los Angeles:
Tommie Carter beat Frankie Farren, four rounds.
Eddie White beat Charlie Sullivan, four rounds.

17—Dreamland Rink, San Francisco:
Pat Lester beat Sailor Maley, four rounds.
Lefty Cooper beat Red Uhlan, four rounds.
Alex McDonald wins on foul from Teddy Seidman, four rounds.
Mike Doyle beat Lew Garcie, four rounds.
Lefty Singer beat Jimmy Moran, four rounds.
Johnny Martin knocked out Frankie Leo, two rounds.

18—Commonwealth, S. C.:
Chick Suggs beat Jimmy Mendo, ten rounds.
Johnny Green beat Johnny Vinney, ten rounds.
Al Clitte beat Pete Red McDonald, ten rounds.
Yale Okum knocked out Tommy Ceci, six rounds.
Charlie Hahn drew with Al Piano, four rounds.

18—Ridgewood Grove, S. C.:
Lew Chester beat Italian Joe Gans, six rounds.
Johnny Vestri drew with Willie O'Connell, six rounds.
Sammy Markowitz beat Al Struddy, six rounds.
Cap Columbo beat Abe Rosofsky, six rounds.
Harry Herron drew with Willie Suess, six rounds.
Ralph Nischo knocked out Tony Esposito, three rounds.

18—Fourteenth Reg. Armory:
Sandy Taylor drew with Johnny Ryan, eight rounds.
Al De Silve knocked out Neil Alexander, fifth round.
Willie Sullivan drew with Johnny Coster, six rounds.
Eddie Enos beat Joe Capp, four rounds.
Kid Cook stopped Oliver Luby, three rounds.

20—Canton, Ohio:
Frankie Callahan drew with Willie Ames, ten rounds.

20—Indianapolis:
Jeff Smith beat Billy Britton, ten rounds.

20—Columbus, Ohio:
Young Tarzan beat Jack Lebb, ten rounds.

20—Lenox S. C.:
Charley Phil Rosenberg stopped Joe Souza, eight rounds.
Izzy Schwartz beat Henry Catena, ten rounds.
Harry London beat Vincent Salvador, six rounds.
Eddie Elkins beat George Dogherty, six rounds.
Sammy Shack beat Frankie Serra, four rounds.

20—Detroit:
Sid Barbarian beat Nate Goldman, ten rounds.
George Lamson drew with Jack Burke, ten rounds.

20—Trenton:
Maxey Rosenblum beat Tommy West, eight rounds.

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20—Laporte, Ind.:
Dick Martin beat Bob James, ten rounds.
20—Scranton, Pa.:
Billy Fitsimmons beat Tony Perry, ten rounds.
20—Toledo:
Rosy Troy beat Ernie Goozeman, twelve rounds.
20—Bridgeport:
Georgie Day beat Eddie Brady, ten rounds.
Johnny Red Allen beat Willie Young Angelo, ten rounds.
20—Newark, N. J.:
Benny Ross knocked out Vic Woody, five rounds.
20—Milwaukee:
Pete Sarmiento beat Benny Bass, ten rounds.
Clonie Tait knocked out Joe Seilaf, eight rounds.
Tommy O'Brien knocked out Willie Herman, eight rounds.
20—Boston:
Jack Delaney stopped Pat McCarthy, eight rounds.
Al Mello knocked out Billy Brewster, two rounds.
Bob Lowerie knocked out Scoops white, seven rounds.
20—Broadway S. C., Brooklyn:
Joey Silvers beat Ruby Stein, six rounds.
Tommy Lynch beat Frankie Albano, six rounds.
Archie Bell beat Salvator Matteo, six rounds.
August Pisano drew with Moe Ginsberg, six rounds.
Billy Miller beat Tony Zaccano, six rounds.
Louis Lazar drew with Tony Allicino, four rounds.
21—Albany:
Johnny O'Connor beat Juan Bieza, ten rounds.
Willie Dillong drew with Mickey Cangro, ten rounds.
Irving Shapiro beat Young Terry, ten rounds.
21—Paris, France:
Jack Walker drew with Mons. Bonnel, ten rounds.
21—Twenty-Seventh Division Armory, Brooklyn:
Kid Kash wins on foul from Larry Goldberg, fifth round.
Harry Sutton beat Henry Mick, eight rounds.
Felix Friedman beat Midget Irla, eight rounds.
Tony Darcey beat Eddie Kid Brown, eight rounds.
Jimmy Burns wins on foul from Young Iota, one round.
21—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Tony Fuente beat Floyd Johnson, four rounds.
21—Paris, France:
Francis Charles knocked out Young Travet, eleventh round.
Lomoergen (German) stopped Pionnier (French), nine rounds.
21—Atlanta, Ga.:
Tiger Flowers knocked out Cleve Hawkins, three rounds.
21—Mount Holly, N. J.:
Kid Sullivan knocked out Charles Kid Murray, seven rounds.
Eddie Fisher knocked out Johnny Berry, five rounds.
Kid Lambert drew with Terry McGovern, six rounds.
Johnny Demarco drew with Allie Bail, six rounds.
Johnny Mayhook drew with Andy Martell, six rounds.
Young Firpo Beverly drew with Joe Wolcott, six rounds.
21—San Antonio:
Tillie Kid Herman stopped Johnny Tillman, nine rounds.
21—West Hoboken, N. J.:
Joey Ross beat Frankie Dundee, ten rounds.
21—Reading, Pa.:
Emil Paluso drew with Kid Wolfs, ten rounds.
Dave Montrose knocked out Johnny Royce, four rounds.
21—Seattle:
Tod Morgan beat Joe Gorman, six rounds.
21—San Jose:
Mason Griffin beat Hank Roberts, four rounds.
Joe Powell beat Benny Berris, four rounds.
Young Rizzo beat Manuel Kid Robinson, four rounds.
Dave Flash beat Pete Francis, four rounds.
Eddie Kelly knocked out Namie Campbell, one round.
Kid Brown knocked out Jack Silva, two rounds.
Kewpie Euckland beat Eddie Garcia, four rounds.

22—Portland, Ore.:
Henry Simons wins on foul from Joe Benjamin, seven rounds.
22—Mitchell Field, L. I.:
Sammy Kaufmann knocked out Jimmy Barry, two rounds.
22—Cleveland:
Charley O'Connell beat Johnny Dundee, twelve rounds.
Eddie Anderson beat Johnny Hovath, eight rounds.
Rosey Stoy beat Al Zeimer, eight rounds.
22—National Hall, San Francisco. Calif.:
Pat Lester knocked out Jack Wills, three rounds.
Billy Washington beat Roy Sutherland, four rounds.
Tony Azevedo beat Billy Springfield, four rounds.
Joe Firpo beat Joe Morrissey, four rounds.
Sailor Deddernann stopped Joe Ryan, three rounds.
Jimmy Barry knocked out Leonard McDonald, one round.
Young Manilla knocked out Young Bigil, two rounds.
Billy Lafor stopped Jackie La Rosa, two rounds.
22—Oakland A. A., San Francisco, Cal.:
James Delaney drew with Jack Denny, four rounds.
Jack Silver beat Tommy Cello, four rounds.
Young Dudley beat Alex Trambitas, four rounds.
Dynamite Murphy drew with Johnny Farr, four rounds.
Billy Rayes beat Charley Rogers, four rounds.
Harry Soo beat Rudy Sandino, four rounds.
Mike Siegel beat Young Denicio, four rounds.
Jimmy McCray knocked out Eddie Ellis, three rounds.
23—Carlisle, Pa.:
Steve Cole knocked out Joe Wallace, two rounds.
Johnny Ketchell knocked out Johnny Miller, two rounds.
Dugout Johnson beat Battling Hummel, four rounds.
23—Perth Amboy:
Carl Morris knocked out Julia Abessino, two rounds.
23—McKeesport, Pa.:
Larry Goldberg beat Eddie Brown, ten rounds.
23—Rink Arena, Brooklyn:
Willie Harmon beat Pete Hartley, ten rounds.
Johnny Drew knocked out Johnny Gleason, two rounds.
Jackie Gordon beat Herman Kid Silver, ten rounds.
Erbie Moak drew with Harry Duer, six rounds.
Walter Plona drew with Lewis Petrozelli, four rounds.
Joey Abrams drew with Harry Herron, four rounds.
23—102nd Medical Reg.:
Frankie Houlihan drew with Sonny Cashin, twelve rounds.
Willie Gilligan beat Harry Brandon, eight rounds.
23—Columbus S. C.:
Danny Lee beat Wee Willie Spencer, twelve rounds.
Nick Quagerelli drew with Joe Malone, six rounds.
Willie Duffy knocked out Frankie Harris, two rounds.
George Rocco beat Booker Dowling, four rounds.
Bobby Bolin beat Al Fugaro, six rounds.
Bobby Green beat Eddie Oliver, six rounds.
23—Lowell, Mass.:
Wee Willie Woods knocked out Al Diamond, one round.
23—Williamsport, Pa.:
Frankie McGuire knocked out Indian Joe Brock, two rounds.
Johnny DeMarko stopped Dinky Hughes, five rounds.
Dorey Shimar beat K. O. Lockoff, eight rounds.
Babe Ruth beat Willie Paterson, eight rounds.
Jack Poulisk stopped Bobby Barger, three rounds.
24—Erie, Pa.:
Phil O'Dowd drew with Art Wander, ten rounds.
Phil Verdi beat Chuck Feldman, eight rounds.
Frankie Weild knocked out Kid Dugan, six rounds.
24—New Orleans, La.:
Tommy Gibbons knocked out Ted Jamieson, one round.
24—Philadelphia:
Jim Slimmer knocked out Jim Holland, two rounds.
24—Washington:
Izzy Schwartz drew with Young Denico, ten rounds.

24—Pioneer S. C.:
Dan Cooney beat Johnny Clinton, ten rounds.
Frankie Fassano knocked out Johnny Green, three rounds.
Joe Glick beat Frankie Maxwell, ten rounds.
Charley Rosen beat Joe Vito, six rounds.
George Sheppard beat Alfredo Maresco, four rounds.
24—Duluth, Minn.:
Stewart McLean wins on foul from Lew Snyder, one round.
24—Chicago:
Eddie Shea beat Pete Sarmiento, ten rounds.
Frankie Schaeffer beat Ace Hudgins, eight rounds.
Morrie King beat Charlie Raimond, six rounds.
Babe Barron beat Joe Scully, four rounds.
Jimmy Jones knocked out Kid Cotton, three rounds.
24—Vancouver, B. C.:
Vic Foley beat Bud Riley, ten rounds.
24—Minneapolis, Minn.:
Martin Burke beat Romero-Rojas, ten rounds.
24—Sacramento:
Bobby Ertle drew with Tommy O'Leary, four rounds.
Dusty Miller beat Sailor Hughes, four rounds.
24—Hanford, Calif.:
Tony Azevedo beat Joe Brown, four rounds.
24—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Georgie Rivers beat Teddy Silva, four rounds.
24—Dreamland Rink, San Francisco:
Jimmy Darcy knocked out Sailor Maley, two rounds.
Sammy Compagno drew with Georgie Spencer, four rounds.
Johnny Burns beat Eddie McGovern, four rounds.
Sammy Olson beat Billy Smith, four rounds.
Mike Doyle beat Louie Garcia, four rounds.
Willie Singer knocked out Johnny Drexel, one round.
Sidney White beat Johnny Martin, four rounds.
24—Tampa, Fla.:
Boots Antley wins on technical K. O. over Benny Parman, six rounds.
Willie Gutierrez knocked out Oscar Coleman, two rounds.
Young Risher stopped Young McCaskill, four rounds.
Young Pete beat Young Lewis, four rounds.
25—244th Regiment Armory:
Lee Wedo knocked out Alex Taveriski, four rounds.
Vincent Peppe drew with Vic Burrone, eight rounds.
Bobby Wagner knocked out Jimmy Foley, one round.
Bobby Anderson knocked out Jimmy Burns, three rounds.
Johnny Coster knocked out Jimmy Baker, three rounds.
Lew Thomas drew with Cliff Ingram, four rounds.
25—Commonwealth S. C.:
Al Brown knocked out Frankie Ash, one round.
Jack McVey beat Harry Galfund, ten rounds.
Tony Sirocco drew with Albert Ycocsha, ten rounds.
Charley Feraci beat Jackie Adnit, six rounds.
Johnny Nieves beat Frankie Serra, four rounds.
25—Ridgewood Grove S. C., Brooklyn:
Johnny Kochansky beat Billy Henry, six rounds.
Harry Felix drew with Jimmy Hutchison, six rounds.
Davey Abad beat Archie Bell, six rounds.
Mike Esposito beat Jimmy Hastings, six rounds.
Carl Carter knocked out Eric Peterson, one round.
Ray Davis beat Charley Morris, four rounds.
25—Naples, Italy:
Erminio Spalla knocked out Belgian De Paus.
27—Wheeling, W. Va.:
Jimmy Jones beat Fred Cello, twelve rounds.
27—Trenton, N. J.:
Emil Paluso beat Battling Murray, ten rounds.
Newsboy Brown beat Kid Fredericks, eight rounds.
27—Miami, Fla.:
Barney Adair beat Jimmy Murray, ten rounds.
Frankie Moran beat Tommy McDuffy, eight rounds.

27—New State Armory, Yonkers:
Larry Estridge beat Henry Shaw, twelve rounds.
Carl Morris knocked out Panama Kid Lewis, one round.
27—Lenox S. C.:
Hilly Levine beat Irish Johnny Curtin, ten rounds.
Jack Hausner beat Jackie Brady, ten rounds.
Eddie Flank beat Joey Ross, ten rounds.
Nick Quagerelli drew with Benny Nabers, six rounds.
Joe Eulo drew with Harry Chester, four rounds.
27—Pittsfield, Mass.:
Tracey Ferguson knocked out Bobby Sheller, seven rounds.
Young Dubois beat Cutey Kaufmann, eight rounds.
27—New Bedford, Mass.:
Charley Manty beat Bud Christiano, ten rounds.
27—Lynn, Mass.:
Andy Martin beat Matty Cortez, ten rounds.
27—Toronto, Canada:
Howard Mayberry beat Tommy Ryan, ten rounds.
27—Buffalo:
Jimmy Slattery beat Norm Genet, six rounds.
27—Memphis:
Gene Tunney knocked out Harry Foley, one round.
27—Broadway S. C., Brooklyn:
Izzy Cooper beat Jack Shawkey, six rounds.
Marty Silvers knocked out Willie Kohen, one round.
Eddie Clifford beat Vincent Fiergione, six rounds.
Irving Shapiro beat Frankie Curley, six rounds.
Ralph Nischo beat Gene Martin, six rounds.
Emil Mascellino beat Herman Brodow, four rounds.
28—Albany:
Dave Weber knocked out Kid Pershing, three rounds.
Bobby Bolin beat Eddie Lynch, six rounds.
Jimmy Francis drew with Frankie Laureate, six rounds.
28—Seattle, Wash.:
Spug Meyers beat Harry Simone, six rounds.
28—Boston:
Young Bob Fitzsimmons knocked out Joe Burke, three rounds.
Billy Britton beat George Robinson, ten rounds.
28—Twenty-seventh Reg., Brooklyn:
Sammy Baker beat Buddy Saunders, twelve rounds.
28—Pioneer S. C.:
Paul Doyle drew with Vic Hirsch, ten rounds.
Wilbur Cohen drew with Tommy Milton, ten rounds.
Jackie Marlow knocked out Harry Herron, six rounds.
Johnny Gannon stopped Carroll Setti, one round.
Nick Farlin drew with Otto Goldberg, four rounds.
Ray Santiago beat Billy Barrington, four rounds.
28—San Jose, Calif.:
Mason Griffin beat Alex Trambitas, four rounds.
Young Rizzo beat Johnny McManus, four rounds.
Min Minnick drew with Billy Springfield, four rounds.
Sammy Taylor knocked out Davie Flash, two rounds.
Battling Kelly beat Kid Kirby, four rounds.
Kid Brown knocked out Jimmy Briggs, two rounds.
Kewpie Ecklund drew with Fred Pinboy, four rounds.
28—San Bernardino, Calif.:
Eddie White drew with Johnny Adams, four rounds.
28—San Francisco, Calif.:
Billy Agler drew with Eddie Mahoney, four rounds.
Sailor Makagan stopped Joe Denicie, three rounds.
Tommy Comiskey beat Caesar Attell, four rounds.
Sailor Evasce drew with Sammy Offerman, four rounds.
Johnny Burns beat Charlie Bell, four rounds.
Jack Cobine beat Billy Hollis, four rounds.
Young Tarzan beat Joe Romero, four rounds.
28—Denver, Colo.:
Bud Hamilton beat Jack Doyle, three rounds.
29—Biloxi, Mississippi:
Patsey Boyle won from "Tut" Seymour, ten rounds.
Eddie O'Harra beat Pete Graham, six rounds.

29—First Regiment Armory, Newark:
Mickey Walker beat Jock Malone, twelve rounds.
Willie Harmon stopped Harry Martone, six rounds.
Sailor Maxted stopped Gordon Munce, four rounds.
Danny Ramsey stopped Freddy Herman, two rounds.
Marty Gordon beat Frankie Bates, four rounds.

29—Newburg:
Joe Eppy drew with Joe Carson, ten rounds.
Al Fugaro drew with Ivan Hawes, ten rounds.

29—Baltimore:
Lew Mayrs beat Earl Baird, twelve rounds.

29—Providence, R. I.:
Mike McTigue knocked out Frankie Carpenter, six rounds.

29—Wilminton, Calif.:
Tony Fuente knocked out Jack Lynch, one round.

29—Salem, Ore.:
Cracker Warren beat Al Markie, six rounds.
Bill Hunt drew with Bill Poole, six rounds.

29—National Hall, San Francisco, Calif.:
Joe Roche beat Tony Azevedo, four rounds.
Sailor White stopped George O'Rourke, one round.
Joe Firpo stopped Young Franklin, two rounds.
Peewee Kelsey beat Tony Cruz, four rounds.
Tony Felipo beat Tony Sanchez, four rounds.
Frank Klick beat Young Manila, four rounds.
Midget Cantor stopped Young Frankie Brown, three rounds.

29—Dreamland Rink, San Francisco, Calif.:
Frank Denny beat Jimmy Darcy, four rounds.
Teddy O'Hara drew with Young Dudley, four rounds.
Young Nationalista stopped Harry Soo, two rounds.
Lefty Cooper wins when Johnny Trambitas is disqualified for stalling, three rounds.
Ernie Owens stopped Johnny Burns, four rounds.
Billy Wallace drew with Young Datto, four rounds.
Ritchie King beat Frankie McCann, four rounds.
Mike Segal drew with Angelo Pappas, four rounds.

30—Paterson, N. J.:
Sammy Shack beat Jabber O'Neill, eight rounds.

30—102nd Medical Regiment:
Joe Kestner drew with Vincent Sanchez, ten rounds.
Mickey Black drew with Bobby Anderson, eight rounds.
George Smith beat Chief Halbran, eight rounds.
Ritchie Martin knocked out Johnny Coster, one round.

30—Columbus S. C., Yonkers:
Eddie Brady drew with Johnny Rocco, ten rounds.
Jimmy Kelly beat Al Ferrara, six rounds.
Mike Stanick beat Murray Bresner, six rounds.
Johnny Dran beat Johnny Gorney, four rounds.
Joey Abrams beat Tommy Devine, four rounds.
Bruce Flowers beat Mike Sargeant, four rounds.

30—Passaic, N. J.:
Joey Dorando knocked out Pinkey Burns, three rounds.
Marty Silvers beat Benny Cross, ten rounds.
Joey Eulo knocked out Young Stoney, four rounds.

30—Rink S. C., Brooklyn:
Jack Delaney knocked out George Mulholland, eight rounds.
Jimmy Russo beat Sammy Marino, six rounds.
Moe Ginsberg beat Lew Caputo, six rounds.
Nick Foley beat Rudie Miller, six rounds.
Joe Hudson beat Fred Bayha, four rounds.

30—Portland, Ore.:
Jim Delaney beat Frank Farmer, ten rounds.

30—Olympia, Wash.:
Joe Simonich drew with Pep Webster, six rounds.
Billy Kid Johson beat Eddie Carton, six rounds.

30—San Mateo, Calif.:
Billy Alger beat Sollie Kronich, four rounds.
Mi Minich beat Gus Smith, four rounds.
Angelo Papas drew with Bud Foley, four rounds.
Young Logan beat Sailor Dedderman, four rounds.
Bull Whalen knocked out Kid Robinson, two rounds.
Jimmy Barry stopped Young Roach, one round.
Fighting De Joseph stopped Ang Simmons, two rounds.

31—Dreamland Rink, San Francisco, Calif.:
Nick Newman beat Jimmy Reeves, four rounds.
Fred Sullivan drew with Sammy Olson, four rounds.
Fred Welsh knocked out Bill Smith, one round.
Georgie Spencer drew with Willie Singer, four rounds.
Jack Burns beat Sydney White, four rounds.

31—Pioneer S. C.:
Jimmy Goodrich beat Danny Cooney, ten rounds.
Frankie Fassano beat Terry Miller, ten rounds.
Maxey Rosenblum beat Jimmy Amato, six rounds.
Yale Okum beat Jack De Mave, six rounds.
Dan O'Connell knocked out Hugo Ducat, one round.

NOVEMBER

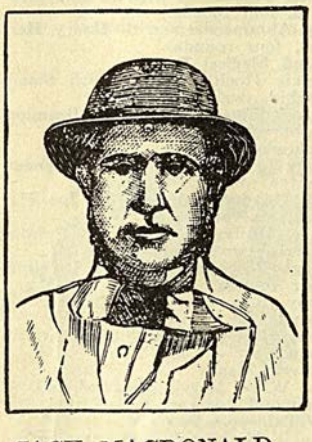
1—Commonwealth S. C.:
Tiger Flowers beat George Robinson, twelve rounds.
Irving Shapiro beat Benny Edwards, six rounds.
Alfred Bynoe beat Artie Pierce, six rounds.

HARRY BRUNTON,
Second to Sayers.

JEMMY WELSH,
Second to Sayers.

FRANK DOWLING,
Stakeholder and Referee.

JAMES CUSICK,
Second to Heenan



JACK MACDONALD,
Second to Heenan.

Characters in Famous Sayers-Heenan Fight. Quite a Difference in Appearance Between Officials in Bare-Knuckle Days and Today.

Young Riley beat Harry Stone, four rounds.
Johnny Martin beat Joe Williams, four rounds.

31—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Pat Lester beat Floyd Johnson, four rounds.

31—Philadelphia:
Joe Libby beat Mike Schwartz, ten rounds.

31—Red Bank, N. J.:
Carl Morris knocked out Steve Attell, three rounds.

31—Portland, Me.:
Frank Moody knocked out Pat McCarthy, one round.
Sam Singleton drew with Albert Ycocsha, six rounds.
Frankie McNally drew with Billy Riley, four rounds.

1—Ninth Coast Armory:
Henry Catena beat Ray Belmont, twelve rounds.
Joe Stanley knocked out Billy Edwards, four rounds.
Wee Wee Firpo beat Eddie Riley, six rounds.
Eddie Victor beat Lew Thomas, four rounds.
Eddie Piola beat Wee Willie Florio, four rounds.

1—Ridgewcod Grove S. C., Brooklyn:
Sonny Smith drew with Wee Willie Spencer, six rounds.
Harry Wallach knocked out Otto Goldberg, five rounds.
Juli Fernandez drew with Sid Bart, six rounds.
Paul Gulotta beat Willie Horowitz, six rounds.
Andy Haycak beat Ernie Kleine, six rounds.
Emil Mascellino beat Abe Rosofsky, four rounds.

1—Fourteenth Reg. Armory, Brooklyn:
Larry Goldberg drew with Billy Marlowe, eight rounds.
Arnold Ryan knocked out Tommy Devine, three rounds.
Bernie Hufnagle knocked out Jack O'Neil, seven rounds.
Eddie Kid Whalen beat Billy Tosk, four rounds.
Cliff Ingram drew with George Suarata, four rounds.

3—Youngstown, Ohio:
Jackie Nichols beat Ernie Goozeman, twelve rounds.

3—Pittsburgh:
Cuddy De Marco beat Pep O'Brien, twelve rounds.

3—Montreal, Canada:
Billy Defoe beat Leo Kid Roy, ten rounds.

3—Trenton, N. J.:
Sammy Fulton beat Tommy Cooney, ten rounds.
Willie Beetle knocked out Harry Larson, five rounds.

3—Newark:
Benny Ross beat Bob Holmes, ten rounds.

3—New Orleans, La.:
Kid Carlin beat Harry Gordon, fifteen rounds.

3—Twenty-seventh Division Armory, Brooklyn:
Ruby Stein beat Henry Mick, eight rounds.
Nick Laporuta beat Jack Worman, eight rounds.
Harry Sutton beat Jack Kid Travis, eight rounds.
Sammy Price beat Wee Wee Firpo, six rounds.
Lew Thomas drew with Andy Krate, four rounds.

3—Broadway E. A., Brooklyn:
Nat Pincus beat Jack Snyder, six rounds.
Hong Fong Lee knocked out Charley Onderdunk, two rounds.
Willie Suess beat Salvatore Matteo, six rounds.
Romeo Vaughn beat Cap Columbo, six rounds.
Paddy O'Donnell knocked out Jack Phillips, one round.
Joe Eulo drew with Louis Lazar, four rounds.

5—Mitchell Field, L. I.:
Sammy Kaufman beat Felix Friedman, six rounds.

5—Boston:
Jim Maloney beat Jack Sharkey, ten rounds.
Jackie Clark wis on foul from Tom Kirby, five rounds.

5—Paris, France:
Brisset (Frenchman) beat Triunfo (Uruguayan), ten rounds.

5—Madison Square Garden:
Sully Montgomery drew with Quintin Romero-Rojas, six rounds.
Miguel Ferraro knocked out George Entioch, four rounds.
Leo Gates stopped Joe Slimmer, five rounds.
Dan Lieber knocked out Bob Wallit, two rounds.
Alex Sclair beat Dan Bright, six rounds.
Sandy Seifert beat Charles Potash, six rounds.

6—Reading, Pa.:
Bobby Ruttenburg beat Young Chappie, ten rounds.

6—Rink S. C.:
Cannonball Eddie Martin beat Irish Johnny Curtin, twelve rounds.
Tommy Jordon beat Tommy Willets, six rounds.
Moe Ginsberg drew with Jack Lester, six rounds.
Dave Holtzman knocked out Joe Lackatosh, four rounds.

6—102nd Medical Regiment:
Jack Tilyou knocked out Barney Shaw, seven rounds.
Ray Donahue beat Chick Mayo, six rounds.
Fred Ettman knocked out Young Jack Sharkey, six rounds.
Bertie Littlejohn beat Jack McIntosh, six rounds.
Joey Zinne beat Cliff Ingram, four rounds.

6—Columbus S. C.:
Joe Scappatone knocked out Frankie Eagle, five rounds.
Johnny Clinton beat Sid Marks, ten rounds.
Ted Rocco beat Billy Murray, six rounds.
Phil Mereurio beat Paul Cavalier, six rounds.

Minute Rests Between Rounds

By EDDIE BORDEN

KID SULLIVAN proved to be a real champion in the ring of Madison Square Garden on the evening of October 15, when he not only successfully defended his junior lightweight laurels but surprised the large gathering by knocking out the young, rough Mike Ballerino in five stanzas. The ancient Kid, who was fighting when his opponent was in his swaddling clothes, allowed Mike to set a bewildering pace the first two rounds. The Kid took his good time before lashing out with his dynamic right.

As Mike came bounding in beginning the fifth, Sullivan let fly a right which caught Ballerino plump on the chin. Down he went on his all fours. He shook his head to get the cobwebs out of his eyes. He took a short count and as he got up raced half way around the ring to hit Sullivan. As he charged the Kid set himself and floored Mike with another savage right. Ballerino was through. On the third knockdown Ballerino was forced to take the long count, and he was half dragged to his chair. The referee could have counted eight million.

The Garden patrons saw a bang up card of bouts. The semi-final between Pepper Martin and Mickey Brown, bruising as it was, earned the plaudits of the assemblage. For ten rounds Brown appeared to have a slight shade. In the eleventh Pepper picked something off the floor and let it fly at Brown. Down went Mickey face forward into the resin dust. The terrific right hand blow felled Brown as if shot. He was counted out. Pep again took one out of the fire, as it were. And it brought up back into the featherweight championship fold with another chance to have a say in the elimination tournament.

The Garden was closed down to boxing for two weeks to accommodate Tex Austin's rodeo. It reopened November 7 with a scrap between Sammy Mandell and Jack Bernstein.

The small clubs are beginning to perk up. The Uptown Lenox opened October 20 with Charley (Phil) Rosenberg and Joe Souza as headliners. The "gate" amounted to a little more than $3,000, considerably larger than was anticipated. Silvey Burns made good as matchmaker, and he gave the fans more than their money's worth with his first efforts. Burns knows the game from A. to Z., and he should make some money for his backers.

Sammy Vogel, east side lightweight, is having a hard time getting matches since he whipped Mickey Travers. Many clubs are anxious to put Sammy on, but getting some of the boys to take a chance with Benny Leonard's second edition is something else again.

An interesting story which helps to illustrate the genuineness of Vogel's ambition happened in connection with the Travis match. Originally, Vogel and Travers were to have clashed in the semi-final to Vill and Genaro. When the flyweight match fell through, the offer of $1,250, Vogel's end, was withdrawn. Rather than lose the chance to show his wares against a boy as tough as Travers, Sammy offered to go in for a very small percentage in the semi-windup to Genaro and Bushey Graham. Vogel drew something like $350 as his share.

Pancho Villa is on his way back to Manila. He sailed for the Philippine Islands the latter part of October. It will take him twenty days to reach Manila. He will be away until next February. He was accompanied by his wife and foster-father. He travelled half way around the world to win an American championship, and gather in a bankroll of nearly $100,000.

It is said that Pancho is a good spender, and his tidy fortune has dwindled down considerably. He was set down for eight months by the New York State Athletic Commission because he couldn't convince the solons he had a bad shoulder and in no condition to defend his world's flyweight laurels against Frankie Genaro.

Is Johnny Dundee through? Not so you could notice it. Only two weeks ago in Cleveland the veteran who astounded the fistic world by turning in his featherweight diadem to the Commission, gave the boys another surprise when he trounced the young Charley O'Connell in twelve rounds. The decision was against him, but everyone who saw the bout says Dundee won. Both scored knockdowns. Don't let them kid you, Dundee isn't finished; at least he says he isn't. He claims he'll be fighting when some of the boys who are trying to grab his title have beards and carry canes. That's downright nerve for you. Isn't it?

Many good matches are promised Gotham devotees before the New Year creeps in. No reason why matchmakers can't bill healthy attractions.

Scotty Montieth was driven out of his assistant matchmaking position at Madison Sq. Garden by the Commission recently. Scotty has a few good fighters under his wing. He should worry. There was talk of Tom McArdle succeeding the Scot but he would have none of it. Whoever gets it will have to play second fiddle to Frank Flournoy.

Jack Dempsey is grabbing plenty behind the footlights. On November 3, he opened a week's engagement on Loew's time on Broadway. The champion has a corking skit, aided and abetted by his manager, Jack Kearns. He does a little boxing but for the most part cracks wise. And they go over big.

Mickey Walker is making hay while the sun shines. He grabbed $25,000 for himself by flattening Bobby Barrett in Philadelphia, and on October 29 in Newark he received $15,000 for boxing Jock Malone.

There is no stopping Willie Harmon, the crack east side welterweight. After trouncing Georgie Ward and Pete Latzo, he made Eddie Burnbrook, army champion, dance to his music. Tony Kelley manages Harmon.

At the last meeting of the National Sports Alliance it was decided to hold a series of bouts, the moneys from which will go towards erecting a clubhouse. About time something was done like this. The members gather night and day in the Alliance small rooms in the Putnam Building where there isn't space enough to accommodate fifty persons.

Danny Cooney, Trenton, N. J., lightweight, making his New York debut whipped the ancient Johnny Clinton, at the Pioneer. The invader showed plenty of fighting spirit and two good hands.

Add the name of Al Brown, colored Harlem flyweight, to the list of contenders for the flyweight crown.

This black comet has been coming along at a meteoric clip, and his recent flashy performances have stamped him as a mighty serious menace for the remainder of the 112-pound crop.

Although scaling only 112 pounds, Brown bears all the appearance of a lightweight. He is five feet ten inches tall, and with his long stem pipe arms hits with trip-hammer power.

In his one-round knockout victory over Frankie Ash, English flyweight champion, he performed an enviable feat. Pancho Villa could not score a K. O. over Ash in fifteen rounds. Ash was knocked down four times before he was forced to succumb to the fatal count. Pancho failed to even floor the gallant Englishman when they met at Henderson's Bowl this past Summer.

Brown has been mowing down all opposition during the past season, and was forced to tackle bantams and some featherweights.

Fans proclaim him another "George Dixon," and his legion of New York followers are with him to an echo. He is only a youngster, and with some additional experience there is no telling what heights he will reach.

Ray Arcel, genial trainer of boxers, has a large group of mitt-slingers under his wing. Numbered among his charges are: Bantamweight Champion Abe Goldstein, K. O. Phil Kaplan, Charley (Phil) Rosenberg, Benny Valger, and Sid Bernard.

Joe Souza, accompanied by his trainer, Artie Rose, left for the Pacific Coast for a short vacation. Joe is a younger brother of Babe Herman, and his fighting is somewhat similar to his elder brother's style. While out in California, Joe may take a fling at the four-round game.

Tiger Flowers, the colored demon from Atlanta, Ga., has taken New York's colored fistic fraternity by storm. Flowers has had five battles here, opposed to a tough opponent on each occasion but has always come out with colors flying. A meeting between Larry Estridge and Flowers would be a genuine piece-de-resistence for their Harlem followers.

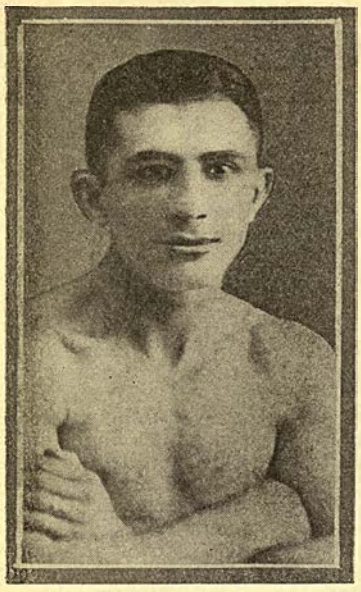
Sonny Smith, the clever Brooklyn bantamweight, is contemplating a flying trip to the four-round game on the Western Coast. Sonny is about the only Eastern bantam who can furnish "Cannonball" Eddie Martin with a stiff battle, and their meetings have always been the subject of much discussion. Smith made a monkey of Pete Sarmiento in Madison Square Garden, and Sarmiento is far from being anyone's plaything.

Corporal Izzy Schwartz, demon midget in the flyweight division, recently fought Young Dencio, of Washington, a draw. The Corporal was credited with a knockdown scored in the last round.

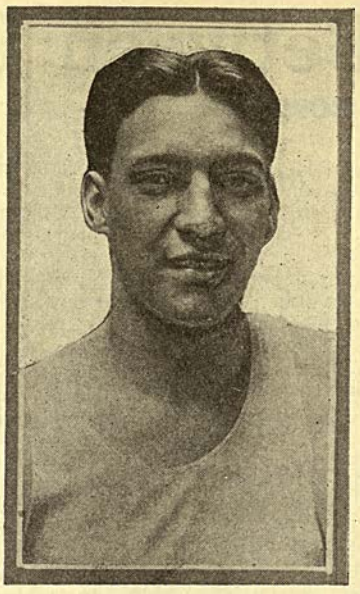
Ruby Goldstein, protege of Herman Cantor, and a corking amateur, has taken the hurdles and announced his move into the money ranks. Goldstein won many victories in the amateurs.

Sol Seaman, junior-lightweight champion of the Pacific Coast, has returned to the fold of Manhattan, and in the future will remain in New York. Seaman acquired the services of Ike Dorgan to officiate as his man of affairs.

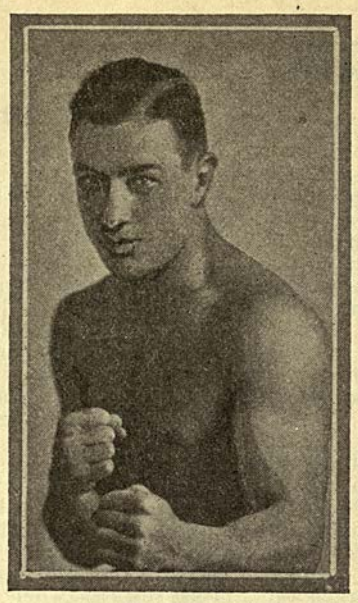
BE A DETECTIVE. Excellent Opportunity.
Work home or travel. Experience unnecessary. Write George Wagner, former Government Detective, 1968 B'way, New York.



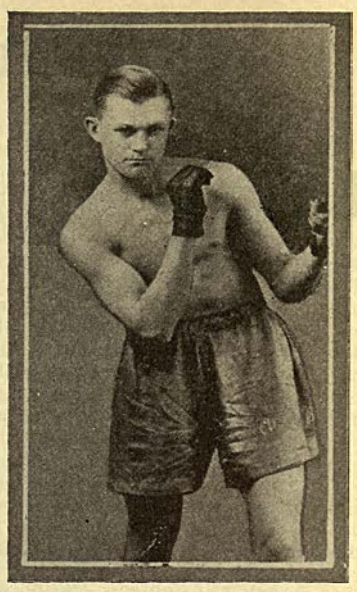
Willie Tucker, clever New York City flyweight.



Billy Prestage, one of Tex O'Rourke's British heavyweights.



George Eagle who just returned from a trip to Australia



Danny Cooney, a 135-pounder who is making headway in East

Sammy Bienfeld came back after a two months' layoff and walloped the daylight out of Kid Rash, the colored bantamweight, at the Pioneer Club. Sammy floored Rash in the second round for a nine count, but Rash rallied greatly in the later rounds and was able to finish the ten rounds in good fashion.

Another good amatteur has entered the professional ranks. Harry Mills, bantamweight titleholder, will attempt to rival his success in the simon-pures against the rougher grind of professionals. Mills comes well recommended and is certain of making good.

Harry London, the Crashing Cossack, after remaining on the sidelines for over a year, started his comeback stunt in good style when he whipped Vincent Salvatore at the Lenox Club. London looked like a great fighter two years ago, but inactivity hampered his progress. He has settled down to hard training and is positive of making his mark among the elite.

Frankie Caruso, formerly a resident of New York City, is now making New Kensington, Pa., his home. Frankie was a crackerjack bantamweight around these parts, and was one of the most pleasing performers in the vicinity. He fought Izzy Cooper, Nick Quagerelli, Johnny Vestri, Jackie Marlowe, Georgie Doherty and Patsy Johnson. He is preparing a strenuous campaign that should keep in action all Winter.

Henry Goldberg, one of Brooklyn's promising young featherweights, is betting better as he goes along. Under the guidance of Benny Jacobs, it is a certainty that he will attain success in his line of endeavor.

Mickey Pasquale, Newark's hard-hitting bantamweight, sends word along that he is ready to meet the best of them. Pasquale doesn't hesitate to inform the world of his capabilities, and judging from his epistle, modesty is not a part of his vocabulary.

CAROLINA NOTES
By NIXON E. JONES

Joe Bashara and Bobby Merriott, the Army champ, met Nov. 3, at Portsmouth, Va. The fans were robbed of a good fight when Merriott fouled Bashara in the second round. He was warned several times for hitting low before he was disqualified. Merriott had no reason for fouling as newspapers stated he had the edge in the first round. Bashara will welcome a return fight if Merriott will obey the rules of the good old game.

Wilmington, N. C., would welcome a fight with two well-known middleweights such as Merriott and Bashara or Owens and Bashara.

Duke Barry, who is well known in the South, has taken over Mike Wallace of Cleveland, Ohio, a light-heavyweight.

Greensboro, N. C., would prove to be a good boxing town if the local papers would boost instead of knocking, and a live promoter take charge. Mr. Woodell is a good sport, but does not know enough about boxing.

Efforts are being made to bring Eric Headley here. He is a good welterweight. This Headley can strut his stuff and is willing to take on boys up to 150 lbs. He can make 145 ringside. He will locate in Wilmington.

Kid Williams of Charleston, lost his first fight in two years to Tresco Johnson at Salisbury several weeks ago. He is slated to mix with Johnson again soon and he promises to put him away this time for good. Luck to Kid.

Ken Burris wishes it said through THE RING that he is willing to meet any man living who can make 147 lbs. ringside. Burris holds the title of North and South Carolina at this weight. Promoters will make no mistake putting Ken on. He is at present Carolina's best card.

All promoters and boxers are requested to send paper clippings of all fights to Nick Jones, P. O. Box 1211, Wilmington, for publication in North & South Carolina. I would also like to have the address of Danny MacDonald for personal use only.

IN KANSAS CITY
By JAY J. THOMAS

The Magic City Sporting Club breezed under the wire an easy winner with yards to spare in their first start with Hughie Walker, of K. C., Mo., and Wild Bill Reed as the opening number. Aside from the fact that Matchmaker Jack Fisher has the finest arena in the South, possibly the best constructed ring in the country, and introduced an innovation for those who care to dance by furnishing a jazz orchestra to provide toe tickling harmony, the card itself was a masterpiece of entertainment.

Every bout, from the curtain-raiser to the main attraction, was a thriller. It is doubtful if the fans will ever see another bout as fast and hard-fought between big fellows as the Walker-Reed match. Walker won the bout.

The Jack Reddick and Wild Bill Reed bout at the Biscayne Club ended in a victory for Bill in ten rounds.

The Walker and Maxted bout, the winner scheduled to meet Young Stribling here in the near future, was a hard fought conflict, not as fast or as spectacular as the Walker-Reed go, due to the fact that the Sailor carried some 20 odd pounds in his favor and used it to a good advantage in the clinches. Walker won the match.

NEW CLUB ORGANIZED IN MIAMI

Miami, Florida.—Incorporation papers for the Magic City Sporting Club were drawn here last week. The incorporators are: L. F. MacCready, secretary of the local Elks club; Mr. E. K. Tuttle and Jack Fisher, formerly associated with Kid Howard in Chicago and associate judge at the Miami Kennel Club greyhound race track.

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NEW ENGLAND GOSSIP
By COLMAN J. NEE

Boxing, like business, has been very quiet in this part of the country the past month. None of the clubs that "risked" shows netted an even break. This is a new experience for promoters in this section of the country and with old "king football" reigning supreme the clubs will sure have to dig up some good cards to entice the fans indoors.

The Jimmy Maloney-Joe McCann bout staged by the Armory A. A. was a short and sweet affair. In the first round Maloney knocked McCann clean through the ropes out on the floor, a good five foot drop when he landed a terrific right cross on Joe's chin. Before he could get his bearings and climb back into the ring McCann was counted out although he was willing and able to continue. The result would have been the same, however, for McCann seemed unable to keep away from Maloney, who is unquestionably the hardest hitting heavyweight in this section of the country.

Jack Delaney and Pat McCarthy furnished a torrid battle for Suffolk A. A. fans. Pat gave Jack a great deal of trouble and punches in the first half of the battle and then tired. Delaney was quick to notice this and started a relentless campaign to McCarthy's midriff whereupon Pat started holding and after repeated warnings from the referee were ignored by him, that official stopped the bout and awarded Delaney the decision.

Billy Britton, the western star, invaded these parts the past month and gave tough George Robinson a bad pummelling. Britton's showing was remarkable considering he arrived in town two hours before the bout after riding 56 hours.

Chick Suggs, the little Newport scrapper is hitting in tough luck after having Danny Kramer step out of a main bout with him, claiming an injury. Johnny Sheppard accepted the match and then stepped out and now Chick is in no mood to be trifled with.

Jim Tolan's gym is a busy spot these days with a large number of visiting boxers in Boston and the local talent to take care of, good-natured Jim can surely sing "nothing to do until to-morrow." Two of the instructors at the gym are none other than Willie Gradwell and Jack Twin Sullivan, the latter having Jack Sharkey in hand at present and from all accounts doing a good job on the ex-gob.

Andy Martin, the rugged little South End bantam, stopped Eddie Devine at the Suffolk A. A. show and one week later copped a decision over Matty Cordes in the feature bout at the Casino A. C., Lynn. He is shooting for the New England bantam title.

Eddie Shevlin, the New England welterweight champion, is doing light training for prospective matches his manager Billy Henderson has booked for him. Eddie, after fifteen years in the "racket" can still toss the gloves with the best of them. He sure is a great example of that often misapplied right living.

Eddie Williams, the East Boston lightweight, is getting in shape for a hard winter campaign. Eddie's only failing is, that he is too tough for the boxers in this section but his mentor, Marty Fitzpatrick, is booking him outside New England.

Tom Kirby, the Roxbury heavyweight, who represented America in the Olympic games, defeated Jack McClellan at the Armory A. A. show here this month. Kirby's showing was a revelation to even his most staunchest admirers. His next opponent is cagey old Jackie Clark, of Allentown, and if Tom hurdles him he will have "arrived."

The local clubs tired of running opposition shows outbidding each other for the services of stars, etc., held a get-together meeting here for the purpose of ironing out their troubles and stand for the policy of "Live and Let Live." At the last accounts they were still out in "left field."

Rocky Stone, Boston's Nick Altrock, will meet Billy Muldoon in the feature bout of the next Casino A. C. show at Lynn. Stone is positively the funniest boxer performing hereabouts and the Shoe City fans are in for a treat.

New England's bantam champ, Tommy Nee, is in hard training for a strenuous winter campaign, with none of the locals capable of giving him opposition. Tommy has hopes of meeting some of the boys with national "reps." Unbiased judges of boxers agree that Tommy, if given an opportunity, would step along that milky way that leads to fame and fortune. He is a great little performer who combines cleverness with real punching ability.

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HEARD IN TOLEDO
By PHILIP J. GANZERT

A general survey of the game in and around Toledo during October showed a substantial gain over September, while prospects for Novembe· are still brighter.

What was probably the best card in Toledo was the Rosy Stoy-Ernie Goozeman fracas which resulted in a win for Stoy, who came back less than a week later and licked Al Ziemer, classy Clevelander on the same card with Johnny Dundee and Charlie O'Connell at Cleveland.

In defeating Goozeman and Ziemer in less than a week's time Stoy established the fact that he is one of the greatest feathers in the land.

In the Goozeman fight Stoy was the aggressor all the way and surely defeated a worthy opponent as Goozeman had previously defeated Tommy Ryan and Red McDonald in Toledo earlier in the year.

In the semi-final Butch Carr, Toledo heavy, shaded Marine Tolliver, in eight rounds. Lou Rolinger, of Chicago, defeated Ben Henry, Toledo light heavy, in six rounds. It was a great show all around.

The opening Toledo Athletic Club show was staged on October 17, when Tommy Mitchell, of Toronto, substituting for Johnnie Mellow, won in neat style from Frankie Stellmack, of Cleveland.

Ted White and Shorty Burch, two Toledo featherweights, fought six interesting rounds. White received the verdict.

The next T. A. C. show was staged on October 1, when Shamus O'Brien, Detroit heavy, flattened Great Heart, Indian heavy from Cleveland, in three rounds. Six other bouts were also staged.

During October the Eagles staged two shows. In the first, Jack Duffy, of Toledo, KO'D Hughie Richards, of Dayton. The second was staged on October 25, when Toughy Mayne earned a shade over Johnnie Horvath.

Sergeant Norcross after winning two one-round knockouts in a short space of time, met too good a man in Ben Henry at Rossford, on October 27, and as a result was out-pointed after being the aggressor during the first three rounds.

In the semi-final Don Boyer won over Dick Knopp in six rounds of a slugging match.

On October 8, at Fremont, Kayo Jeakle battered Ted Marchant of England, in ten rounds, having the Briton out on his feet in three different rounds, but could not quite land the finishing punch.

It was a very interesting fight card staged at Cleveland when Charlie O'Connell received the newspaper decision over Johnnie Dundee. In other bouts Benny Gershe defeated Frankie Garcia, and Eddie Anderson won over Johnnie Horvath in eight rounds.

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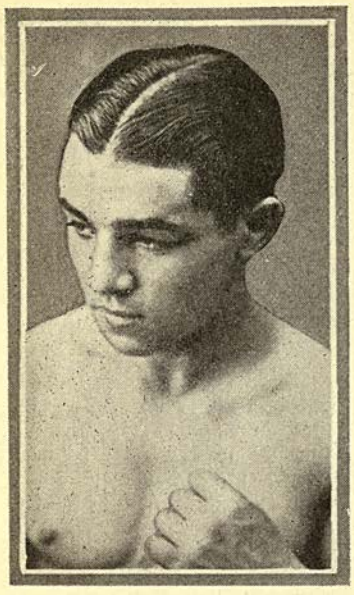
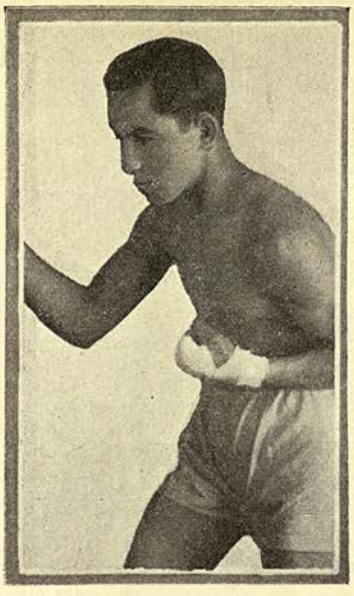
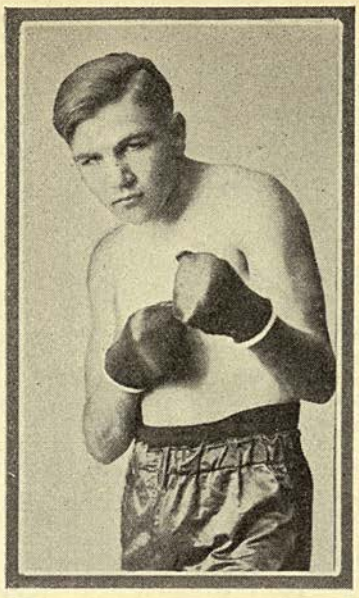


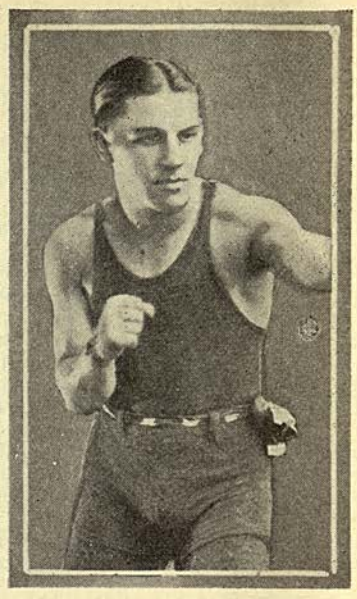
Chick Kansas, conqueror of Boots Antley, Southern featherweight championship



Harry Kahn, Richie Mitchell's rival in Milwaukee. Kahn is a southpaw



Sonny Cashin, bantam from the Greenwich Village section of New York



Joey Sieloff, tough lightweight from Milwaukee, who is making headway

MILWAUKEE NEWS
By FRED SADDY

Joey Sangor, local featherweight, and Pete Sarmiento fought ten fast rounds October 6. The fight was fairly even but if a hair line decision was to be given it would have gone to Sangor. In the other bouts Joe Sielaff handed Willie Herman of New York a neat lacing in eight rounds while Harry Kahn had the edge on Johhny Heiderer in six.

Two weeks later Sarmiento was featured on an all star card. He was opposed by Bennie Bass of Philadelphia. This fight was also a fairly even affair and the 4,000 fans that paid $12,000 to see the battle left the building satisfied that they had witnessed a great battle. In the opening ten Clonie Tait was awarded the fight in the eighth when his opponent Joe Sielaff was unable to continue. In the other feature bout Tommy O'Brien's hard punching forced Willie Herman to retire in the eighth.

This fellow Sarmiento has won a home for himself in Milwaukee. He has been featured in three sensational fights here.

Another outside boxer that has made good here is Basil Galiano, New Orleans lightweight. The Southern lad is a pleasing boxer and Milwaukee fans want to see more of him.

Joey Cline won from Lew Snyder on a foul in the fourth of a scheduled ten round bout at Duluth, Minn., October 3.

Wisconsin has capable referees in Walter Houlehen, George Duffy and Dauber Jaeger. Their appearance in the ring invariably is a guarantee for action on the part of the boxers.

Ted Jamieson knocked out Alex Crips, of South Bend, Ind., in the fourth of a scheduled ten round bout at Fond du Lac, Wis., October 17. Jamieson has been in the habit of giving weight but his speed and stamina pulls him through. Although but a 165 pounder Ted has spotted weight to such boxers as Jack Renault, Bob Roper, Sam Langford, Homer Smith, Bob Martin and others.

Johnny Mendelsohn's long idleness was very obvious in his fight with "Irish" Jack McCarthy. Although a favorite in the betting Johnny lost a shade verdict to the Chicago lad. On the same card Billy Bartfield stopped Jack Walsh in one round while Billy Bunch shaded Joe Cooper in six.

Larry Sobjeck, local light heavyweight, defeated Mickey Shannon at Negaunee, Mich. in a ten round fight. In November he is to meet Capt. Bob Roper at Wausau, Wis. Sobjeck is improving with every fight and with a little more experience he will be up there battling the best in his division.

Milwaukee promoters have been anxious to show Mickey Walker, welterweight champion. Several mediocre opponents have been mentioned but the Wisconsin Boxing Commission would not sanction such an affair. If Walker is to show in Milwaukee he must meet an opponent of worth. There is but one logical opponent in this part of the country to meet Mickey, he is Pinky Mitchell. Pinky, who is nursing a broken arm, anticipates going into action soon. He would be willing to tackle Walker possibly on New Year's day at the welterweight limit. Pink's weight after his long lay off is also a matter of conjecture. The tall Milwaukeean has added plenty of flesh to his spare frame and he may find himself a true welterweight. A title tilt between this pair would be good for a $40,000 house here.

The National Boxing Association recognized Pinky Mitchell's junior welterweight title at their meeting in Cincinnati last month.

Ernie Goozeman is scheduled for two fights. The first will be with Jackie Nichols at Youngstown, Ohio, and the other at Cleveland. After these two fights, Ernie will leave for his former home, San Diego, California, where he will spend the winter and engage in a few four round battles.

After a short absence from the boxing game, Jack Butler is again doing the matchmaking for the Wisconsin Boxing Club.

TERRE HAUTE AND INDIANA NEWS
By Square Deal Harry Ain

Bud Taylor is now managed by Eddie Long with Eddie Kane out of it altogether. Kane and Long split partnership, Kane taking Gibbons, and Sammy Mandell, Taylor, Eddie Anderson and Frankie Garcia going to Long.

Boxing in Indiana last month was slow. The warm weather with the mines closed and leading industries shut down are making the sport just at present very unprofitable.

Joe Cooper, of West York, Ill., has quit the Long-Kane stable and has put himself under the management of Dick Barnett, former popular featherweight of Louisville and Terre Haute. Dick has signed Joe for bouts with Ralph Brady at Louisville, and with Ray Hahn at Indianapolis. Dick has many offers for the "Sucker State" lightweight and has promised to keep him very busy during the coming season.

In a return bout, Eddie Dyer shaded Sidney Glick in ten rounds at Steve Harter's Washington A. C., on Oct. 6, at Indianapolis. Dyer had the better of the fight, but he certainly had his hands full. In the first bout, Glick beat Dyer handily. Danny Cohen, ex-army welter champ, lost to Jimmy Murphy on a foul in the third round.

In the main bout, Patsy Rocco of Chicago, had the better of it with Eddie Welch of South Bend. The men are middleweights.

Among those who are working out at Taylor's gym daily are Jackie Barnhardt, Jimmy McDermott, Mickey O'Brien, Leo Roberts, Joe Cooper, and many other boys who are seeking fame and fortune in the squared circle.

Taylor has met with wonderful success in his amateur shows every Monday night. The talent is promising and the bouts are full of action. A fee of fifty cents is charged for admission.

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TEXAS & SOUTHWEST NOTES
By DON CEE

By the way newspaper and telegraphic reports have been drifting into San Antonio, Texas, lately, we figure that the troupe of boxers taken down to Mexico City by Julius Montez, matchmaker for B. Romero, did not do so well either in their bouts taken part in or in collecting piles of golden pesos as they had been promised.

Wild Cat Ewing, of Galveston and Houston, Texas, was knocked out twice in Mexico City, once by El Cargador of Torreon, Mexico, and once by "Kid" Rich of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. "Kid" Rich was stopped in five rounds by Al Knowles of New Orleans and Jimmy Guest, of Houston, Texas, was knocked out in three rounds by Mercedes Montez of Mexico City.

Al Knowles, of New Orleans, is the only fighter booked into Mexico City by Montez who had any luck during September. Knowles won all three of his fights.

Tommy "Wild Cat" Ewing and Jimmy Guest both welterweights of Houston, Texas, were knocked out by Mexican boxers. Ewing, was stopped by Vecinte Aguilar el Cargador, while Guest, was kayoed by Merced Montez. Both fights happened in Mexico City during the later part of September. Tommy White who was in Tampico, Mexico at the time was asked to accept terms to meet the Mexican victors of these bouts. Tommy consented and he knocked them both out in a Tampico ring not a month after their successes in Mexico City. White knocked Merced Montez out in three rounds on Oct. 11. On Oct. 18 Tommy stopped Jimmy. Dundee, also of Mexico City and on Oct 25 White knocked out El Cargador, thereby avenging the defeat of the Americans.

After four straight knockouts to his credit in Tampico in as many weeks, White journeyed to Mexico City, where he will meet Jack Avalon, middleweight, next month. The feat of White in Mexico seems more inspiring when it is known that he is forced to give away from ten to twenty-five pounds of weight to every opponent he meets.

Jackie Dillon, welterweight of Bracketville and San Antonio. Texas, lost a fifteen round decision bout to Danial Flor Navarro, who lays claim to being the welter champ of Monterrey, Mexico, though he is little more than a preliminary boxer. The boys fought at the Obrero Theatre in Monterrey and as the newspaper report of the fight goes, Dillon had great trouble in avoiding tremendous punishment from his rival Mexicano.

Tommy White of Texas City knocked out Battling Chico of El Paso, Texas, at Tampico, September 27. It was White's first scalp on his last trip into Mexico. White stopped Chico who outweighed him considerably, in the third round. From September 27 until October 25 while in Tampico, Mexico, Tommy White knocked out five opponents in the space of sixteen rounds.

Jack Shelton, the physical culture expert and Boxing Promoter of San Antonio, Texas, has been showing successfully since he opened for the winter season. Shelton, has been featuring boys like Pascal Colletti of New Orleans, Dick Griffin, Johnny Merino, Kid Ross, of Syracuse, N. Y., all bantams and Tillie Kid Herman vs. Johnny Tillman, middleweights, Rabbit Palmer and Frankie McFarland, featherweights.

"Tillie Kid" Herman and Johnny Tillman fought for Shelton's B. M. A. C. club in San Antonio on Oct. 18 and the referee, Jack Shelton, stopped the show in the ninth, awarding the verdict to Herman.

Rabbit Palmer, the hard socking little featherweight of San Antonio, has been going great guns. He recently fought a draw with Johnny Merino, beat Frankie McFarland according to majority of newspapers and he knocked out "Nig" Davis, spilling Davis for row of chloroform sniffs in the fifth round.

Palmer, is the featherweight and junior lightweight champion of the 8th Corps Aera U. S. Army and has numbered among his victims, knockouts over, Abe Kabbakoff, Kid Sy Young, Kid Peck, Red Keenan, Freddie Boorde, Battling Barnett, K. O. Hartman and has beaten or drew with men of the following calibre, Frankie McFarland, George Butch, Brooke Stephens, Joe Moran, Kid Flake, K. O. Brown, Battling Chico and Palmer also numbers Young Stribling and Mike Vasquez among his past opponents.

Bert Brannon is again off the shelf and ready for all comers in the junior lightweight class.

Johnny Merino, the Fort Sam Houston bantam who recently knocked out Pascal Colletti of New Orleans and lost a close twelve round decision to Kid Ross of Syracuse, N. Y., is keeping himself in good fighting trim these days and is ready to step in with the best of them.

Chuck Burns, the San Antinio middleweight who journeyed east two months ago looking for work, turned in a knockout victory over one "Kid" O'Brien in an Eastern arena at Waterbury, Conn. Brooke Stephens who went along with Burns has not been heard from.

Jack Fowler, Texas junior lightweight, after a few bad breaks, has decided to get into proper trim for his future battles.

Tuesday, Oct. 28, saw a hectic night at Jack Shelton's Market Hall, San Antonio Arena. In every bout on the program there was action plus. In the main bout of twelve rounds Bobby Green, welterweight of San Antonio, was awarded the newspaper decision over a plucky young welterweight fighter hailing from Oklahoma City answering to the monicker of "Kid" Rich. Green carried away the honors in the majority of rounds. Green carried seven rounds, Rich two and three were even.

Kid Pancho, the fiery little flyweight of San Antonio, is now reported in Brooklyn, N. Y. in training.

Jack Fowler sprung a surprise by soundly trouncing Bert Brannon in the semi-windup eight round bout to the Green-Rich slugfest. Brannon knocked Fowler down twice in the second round. Brannon has been on the shelf during the summer with a pair of bad hands.

Kid Louie, the fast coming little San Antonio bantam, again proved his mettle by a victory over Freddie Tinocco, also of the Alamo City, in a fast six round bout, as a special to the Green-Rich embroglio.

Albert Mayen easily won over Kid Alexander of Ft. Sam Houston in the second prelim. Mayen and Alexander are featherweights.

TRENTON FLASHES
By EDDIE McFARLAND

Tommy Kid Murphy gained considerable ground in his claim for a shot at Kid Sullivan's crown when he trounced Tommy Noble of England by the score of ten to nothing or in other words, Noble failed to win a round.

Sammy Fulton, Chambersburg lightweight, made good in his comeback attempt by stopping Pete Husic in one round, this being but the second time Husic had been stopped in over two hundred ring battles, Cuddy De Marco of Pittsburg, being the first to turn the trick.

Tommy West, Trenton's Paul Berlenbach k. o. streak was broken when Alex Kid Gibbons, New York middleweight went the full ten rounds with West in Newark recently, although being subject to a tanning previous to his battle with Gibbons, West had stopped 12 opponents in a row.

Danny Looney, Trenton's blond tiger broke even in his New York ring battles, scoring a win over Johnny Clinton in his debut only to lose to Jimmy Goodrich in his second engagement.

Emil Paluso made good against the local club when he punched Battling Murray full of holes for the ten rounds. Murray was outclassed from the start and just managed to go the distance.

Newsboy Brown of Sioux City, making his first appearance at this club handed a trimming to Kid Fredwicks of Maryland. Brown showed plenty of stuff. He undoubtedly will replace Paluso who has been an idol here since his first appearance at this club.

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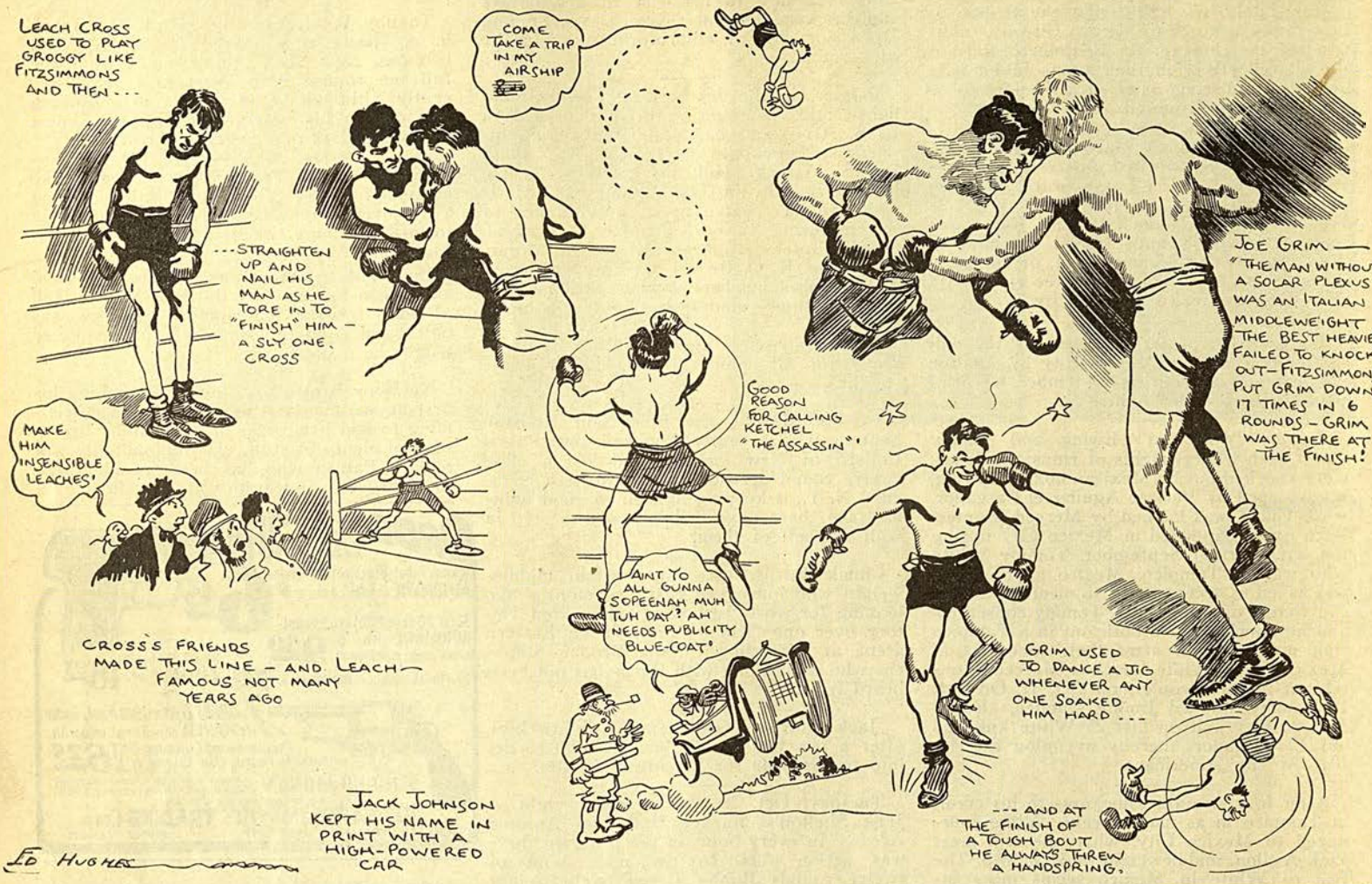
How They Kept Themselves in Limelight

By ED HUGHES



NEWS FROM THE CENTRAL WEST

By HAROLD WALSH

Tiger Flowers won another fight in Ohio when he scored on a foul over Joe Lohman in four rounds in a recent bout at Hamilton, Ohio. The Tiger is about the most popular boy in this section of the country and his next appearance will take place at Canton where he is expected to pack the large auditorium when he clashes with Clem Johnson, Leo P. Flynn's famous New York colored gladiator. Walk Miller has a raft of other matches lined up for his protege.

Charley Goodman, the veteran New Yorker, who knocked out Carl Tremaine in seven rounds at Cleveland last spring, hooked up with Carl in a return match at Cleveland and lost the decision to Carl at the end of a hard-fought twelve-round bout. Tremaine didn't fight as clean as he might but it was a wonderful battle. Tremaine is fighting in his old time form, but will be on the side lines for a few weeks due to a broken hand received in the bout with Goodman.

Jimmy Dunn is seeking a match with Abe Goldstein in the Garden this winter. Tremaine once was a Garden favorite, but some poor matches with Genaro and Harry Gordon put Carl out of the running, but he looks like a good prospect again after winning over Bud Taylor, Eddie O'Dowd and Charley Goodman.

It isn't very often that a welterweight boxes an exhibition with Jack Dempsey on Sunday and then steps out and gives the famous Jimmy Slattery a tough fight on Monday, but that is what plucky little Norman Genet, the Akron Iron Man, did recently in Buffalo. Norm boxed two rounds with Champion Jack at Loew's Theatre on Sunday and the next day hooked up with Slattery. Norm weighed in at 154 and Slattery 160, but Norman gave Jimmy a tough fight for six rounds although Slattery won the bout without question.

Jimmy had every physical advantage over Norm. According to Horace Lerch in the "Buffalo Morning Express." It was one of the most interesting bouts Slattery has had in a Buffalo ring for Genet was a brave antagonist who stood up well in the rallies and kept the house in an uproar of enthusiasm.

Charley Murray promoted the match and declared "that Genet gave Slattery as good a fight as Jack Delaney." Genet is popular everywhere and just at present is out on a barnstorming trip through the far west. He will spend the winter in Florida.

Jerry Sachs, hustling Cleveland manager has imported Fearless Ferns, Southern lightweight, and has the Fearless One in Cleveland. Jerry also states that he has his old star, Johnny Klesch, back under his management again and that Ferns, Klesch and Al Corbett are all ready for the best in the country.

Cleveland has a new idol in Eddie Anderson of Wyoming. Eddie has apepared in Cleveland twice, defeating Louis D'Arco and Johnny Horvath and now Matt Hinkel has him matched with Eddie Brady of Brooklyn.

Harry Fay, the McKeesport, Pa., light-heavyweight, is going big in the South. Fay's latest bout resulted in a 12-round draw with Jack Reddick at Atlanta, Ga. Fay has been coming along in great shape under the management of Charley Jones. They make their headquarters at Louisville, Ky.

"Telegram" Ray Alvis of Chicago, has gathered himself a dozen or so mitt pushers of all weights and is making hay while the sun shines. Ray has a new boy in Edide Shea of Chicago, and, according to Raymond Shea, beat Pete Sarmiento in a recent bout at East Chicago. Two other stars under the Leo Flynn of the west are Warnie Smith, welterweight, and Connie Curry, bantamweight.

Alvis is hot under the collar at Mickey Curran of Kansas City, formerly of New York. Curran is managing Henry Melcor, a tough western welterweight and they were matched to battle at Tulsa, Okla., recently and Smith cancelled, due to an injured hand. Alvis accuses Curran of sending out false reports that Smith ran out. Both managers state that their boys will be only too glad to battle each other.

Willie Ames, the junior-lightweight of Akron, O., under Bernie Strapp, deserves a chance at Kid Sullivan's title. Willie defeated Johnny Dundee in a no-decision bout at Canton, O., before Kid Sullivan won his title from Dundee. Ames also boxed a draw with Danny Kramer during the past summer at Chicago, and has also defeated among others in recent bouts, Frankie Callahan, Frankie Garcia, Blockie Richards, Joe Paglina, Harold Plude, Johnny Horvath and other good boys.

Billy Fergus, who promoted the Dave Shade-Morrie Schlaifer and Charley Goodman-Carl Tremaine bouts in Cleveland and drew big houses each time, is busy lining up a big show for Cleveland soon. One of the bouts will bring Norman Genet and Johnny Klesch together while Dave Shade and Kayo Al Walthers of Canton will meet in the other half of the bill.

Billy Hirsch, Canton middleweight, is living in Florida now where he made good in his first start, knocking out Teddy Taylor of Philadelphia, in four rounds. Billy has matches booked with Mike Owens and Anthony Downey in Palm Beach.

FISTIC NEWS FROM GEORGIA

By Coleman McGrill

Jack Reddick and Harry Fay, two light-heavyweights; the former who styles himself Canadian light-heavy champion, and the latter from Louisville, Ky., battled to a twelve-round draw on Oct. 7. The majority of the sport scribes thought Reddick won. However, the referee, Bill Kaliska, called the fight a draw.

On Oct. 8, Larry Avera, fast stepping junior welter champion of the south, defeated K. O. Moore, army light-middleweight, in ten rounds. Avera handed his heavier opponent a sound beating, getting nine of the ten rounds. Moore showed a lot of gameness by staying the limit.

On Oct. 21, Tiger Flowers, colored light-heavy, defeated Cleve Hawkins in three rounds. Flowers' speed was too much for the Canadian warrior. The Flowers-Hawkins fight drew the largest crowd since the Stribling-Dan O'Dowd fight several months ago.

Ed Douglas, boxing promoter of Miami, Fla., was a recent visitor in this city. Douglas' plans are to stage some big time matches this coming winter. Ed immediately got busy and signed Young Stribling to appear in his arena some time in January. Douglas also signed up Jack Reddick and Lew Silver, the hard-socking featherweight, to appear in his club at an early date. According to Douglas, he is trying to line up Johnny Dundee for Silver, Dave Rosenberg for Stribling, and some well-known opponent for Reddick.

In Savannah, Ga., Jack Middleton, Miami light-heavy, was awarded a referee's decision over Harry Wallace, of Ohio, in 12 rounds. The bout was rather tame, and the house was not up to expectation.

T. A. Furlong, matchmaker for the Legion in Savannah, is now making arrangements for a featherweight tournament among Southerners. The winner will meet Chick Kansas for the Southern title. Among the boys to participate will be Johnny Marlowe, Bud Anderson, Claude Wilson, Boots Antley (if he can make the weight), Antonio Valdes, the little Cuban battler, Chick Nanci, and others that will qualify for a showing in the tournament.

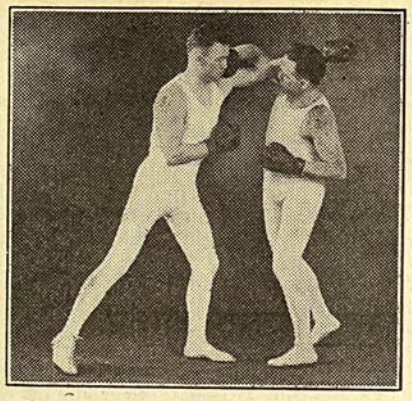
It is the writer's opinion that Chick Kansas will defeat any of these boys despite the fact that Kansas never weighs over 122 and can easily make the bantamweight limit. Kansas is just simply too rugged for these boys.

Young Stribling, who is now a student at the University School for Boys, and who is in the junior class, is preparing himself under the watchful eye of Pa Stribling for his Thanksgiving date. Stribling is to collide with the old War Horse, Hugh Walker, in a ten-round bout here.

Lew Silver is preparing himself for several fights which his manager, Max Abelson, has lined up for the young dental student. Silver, despite the fact that he occasionally makes a trip to fill fistic engagements, is one of the best students in his college. Silver is compelled to turn down many offers due to the fact that the youngster does not care to lose too much time from his studies.

The most popular boxing magazine ever published here is the RING. At the recent Flowers-Hawkins fight there was such a demand for the famous periodical, that nearly five hundred copies were disposed of during the evening.

Chick Kansas, Eastern bantam, and Southern 126-pound champion, is keeping himself busy. Kansas, after defeating Buck Fleming in a Philadelphia ring, journeyed to Tampa, Fla., meeting Boots Antley, former 126-pounder, who is now fighting in the junior lightweight class. In his bout with Antley, Kansas was outweighed ten pounds and lost by a shade.



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PHILADELPHIA NOTES

By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN
(The North American)

Benny Bass, star featherweight of Phil Glassman's stable, looks better with every fight. The lad who has been in the ring but a few years, has made an enviable record and Philadelphians believe that he will go higher.

Young Jack O'Brien who was famous at least a decage ago has taken out a license with the State Athletic Commission of Pennsylvania and intends to box again. Dan Horgan is looking after his interests.

Nate Goldman who has been busy meeting Sid Barbarian, the Detroiter in recent months, is ambitious to step out with the other lightweight aces and Johnny Burns, his manager, has mapped out a busy winter for the Kensington battler.

A new boxing gymnasium has been opened by Eddie Hayes with Eddie O'Keefe, former ring star, as instructor and Flinky Kaufmann, another boxer in charge.

Sailor Freedman, the Chicago battler, has been doing a lot of his training in Philadelphia this fall. There is talk of a Freeman Barrett bout.

The indoor boxing season has opened in Conshohocken with Frank Connolly as the promoter. Shows will be held several times a month, with Philadelphia and nearby talent.

Jim Slemmer, a 195-pounder from Millville, N. J., has been added to Joe Smith's stable and frequently works out with Tommy Loughran, the clever light heavyweight from South Philadelphia, who is Smith's big money getter.

Eddie (Kid) Wagner, Max Hoff's snappy junior lightweight, has been in strict training all fall as he wants to get a chance in the tournament in New York. Wagner is the lad who gave Donny Dundee a beating at Shetzline Ball Park late in the outdoor season of 1923.

Johnny Mitchell, a Philadelphia bantamweight, has decided to winter in Wilkes Barre and has a number of bouts in view.

Buck Fleming took the fight as a substitute with Chick Kansas at the Arena at the opening show and made a big hit. His manager, Harry Dollfus, is trying to hook Fleming up with Bass. They fought at the Cambria some months ago. Fleming is a clever 122 pound boy.

Ad Stone's eye which was slightly damaged has improved and he is ready to step back into the ring. The Philadelphia light heavyweight rested up at his home in Paterson, N. J., for awhile.

Al Markle, Philadelphia's blonde bantamweight from Kensington, has resumed training for several bouts. His manager Frank Jacobs has received offers from several eastern promoters. Markle wedded Miss Bertha Pagett since the outdoor season.

Tommy Loughran was not satisfied with his recent bout with Harry Greb, claiming that his long layoff slowed him up considerable. Joe Smith has received offers from Cleveland and St. Paul promoters for Loughran to meet Tommy Gibbons.

After an amateur ring career of two and a half years, Spike (Ray) Corbett has decided to turn professional. In forty-four amateur bouts, he scored twenty-eight knockouts, won twenty-two decisions and lost but four times.

Pete Moran is keeping Tommy Murray, his clever bantamweight, busy. Bouts at Atlantic City, Trenton, up-state and in the Quarker City, have put Murray right on edge for a hustling winter.

Tony Corrado has planned to stage bouts at the 108th Field Artillery Armory during the indoor season.

Harry (Kid) Brown, the Philadelphia lightweight, is now under the management of Sammy Hahn, who has signed him up for a period of a year and a half. Brown, although fighting for many years, has never been knocked out and has decisions over some of the best lightweights.

TORONTO NOTES

By Jack Jarvis

"Pop" Corcoran's popular and enterprising son Jack, inaugurated the boxing season at the Coliseum with the Canadian championship battle between Bobby Eber and Howard Mayberry. Walter Obernessor's bustling bantam took full advantage of Eber's long layoff by forcing the battle nearly all the way, thereby copping the decision and the title. It was surprising that Bob consented to defend his laurels. In a previous battle the same Mayberry held him to a draw. The "shindig" furnished plenty of action.

Fred Snell and Johnny Paske, lunged, plunged and battered each other in the semi-windup, Paske, weak and tottering, just managed to make the "tape" and Snell won the decision although Johnny gave him a tough argument the first half of the bout. It is likely that the boys will meet over the ten round route in the near future as the Buffalo boy was not in the very best of condition.

Clever, canny Frankie Bull, and Johnny McIntyre fought a slashing ten rounds at St. John, N. B. The boys drew a record house and incidentally gave the crowd a real old-time fight. The champion made a hit with everyone but McIntyre himself. The ring generalship, and clever work of Bull took the critics eyes. They declared that Frankie's boxing was refreshingly different to what had been seen in that part of the domain. Bull will probably box Johnny Clinton back there early in the month.

Two former amateurs got away to a winning start in their first pro bouts here. One was Jackie Johnson, a cracking good junior featherweight who won from Phil Brady, a good strong, rugged kid who will win more than he will lose. He is a good prospect. Phil Rivers was the other former amateur. He out-boxed Kid Gagnon the Quebec champion in clever fashion.

A mighty good kid who will earn more than "coffee and sinker" money in this city, arrived here a little while ago, in the person of Jimmy Britt who gets his postal correspondence addressed to Montreal. Britt showed here several times last winter. Dave "Beans" Breen is sponsoring him.

Bill Parr, the Utica impresario, wants to send his good little bantam Bushy Graham, against Howard Mayberry, or Bobby Eber. Graham, who has victories over some of the best in the game, would be a real box-office attraction in this town. He is a clever boxer and a spectacular little fighter. He has victories over Irish Johnny Curtain, Frankie Ash, Phil Verdi, and K. O. over Pete Zivic, Sammy Nable and other classy fighters.

Donnie Mack is back with us. He reports that he is feeling fine after his lengthy holiday. If this kid can make the bantam limit, after a few winning fights under his belt, Mr. Mayberry will have to be on his best behaviour, or Mack, will bring him down from his lofty perch.

Frankie Bull and Ted Cossette featured Alec Moore's "Mush-Busters," entertainment at the Monument Nationale, over the 12-round route. They stood toe to toe and slugged away from gong to gong in a give and take medley that had the crowd climbing over the chairs, yelling encouragement to their respective favorites. The boys meet again over 15 heats shortly.

Chris Newton, popular local boy, made a long trip overland in the "rattler" to exchange swats with Johnny McIntyre at St. John. Newton fought his way into the hearts of the fans with his aggressive, slambang fighting. Mac had the advantage of 6 pounds but hard battling Chris got a draw. Newton "blew" a decision to Sid Conn recently but, owing to domestic trouble, Chris could not get going as his mind was not on his work. Now that he is feeling well, Christopher is hotfoot after Sidney and promises him an uncomfortable half-hour at the next meeting.

About 4,500 fans trickled through the Coliseum gates when Jack Corcoran put on the International show which featured Tommy Ryan and Howard Mayberry, the new Canadian bantam champ. The dopesters made Hugh Shannon's breadwinner a hot-pot favorite. At that the argument was very even up to the last two rounds, when Mayberry made a winning effort and caught the judge's eye. The customers now would like to see 'Oby's bustling bantam in with Bushy Graham. A battle between these two would be chock full of action.

Harry Henning, former amateur champion, belted Johnny Paske around the ring for six rounds but foxy ol' Johnny, "fumdiddled" his way to the end. His experience and good ring generalship saved him from dustin' the resin on several occasions.

Quite a number of Ontario cities figure on staging boxing shows this winter, including Timmins, Hamilton, Ottawa, and London. The first named should be a good revenue producer, being situated in the heart of the gold-mining territory, where thousands of red-blooded miners sigh and yearn for some thing that produces thrills.

TAKES EXCEPTION TO REPORT OF HAROLD SMITH-AL DUNDEE BOUT

From D. A. Guthrie of Mansfield, Ohio, comes the following:

In a recent issue of "The Ring," Art Winch, writing the Chicago notes, stated that Harold Smith defeated Al Dundee in his bout in Mansfield.

This is incorrect information. The writer saw the bout, in addition to which, he has reports from the Mansfield News and the Mansfield Journal each of which states, in "The Fight by Rounds" that Dundee defeated Smith.

The writer does not feel that it is fair to give Smith credit for a fight which he did not win, hence, desires to have "The Ring" publish this letter.

Dundee is a great little fighter and so is Smith and I am very certain that neither of these boys is anxious to place himself before the public in the wrong light by such statements as was made by Art Winch in the article referred to.

Knowing that "The Ring" is always for a square deal and is always ready for corrections when corrections should be made.

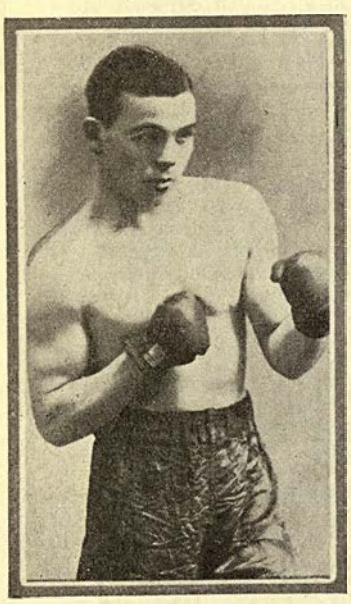
And here's a little dope for the next issue. Al Dundee won on a technical knockout from Willie Sullivan in the tenth round in Shelby, Ohio, on October 23. The referee was forced to stop the bout because of the terrific punishment given Sullivan by Dundee. This bout was for the bantamweight championship of the State of Ohio.

NORTHWEST PICKUPS

Harry Simone local welterweight is giving all the boys much trouble around the northwest. Simone recently defeated Jack Griffin.

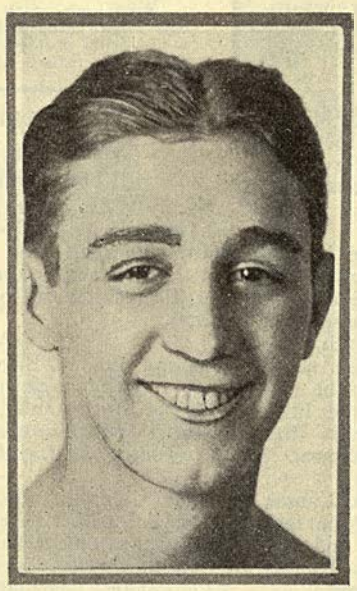
George Dixion, local colored featherweight is winning with regularity. He is just seventeen and has a kick in either hand. He will soon be fighting main events.

Ernie Woodard, local featherweight, recently lost a close decision to Scotty Inksteer, ought boy from Albania.



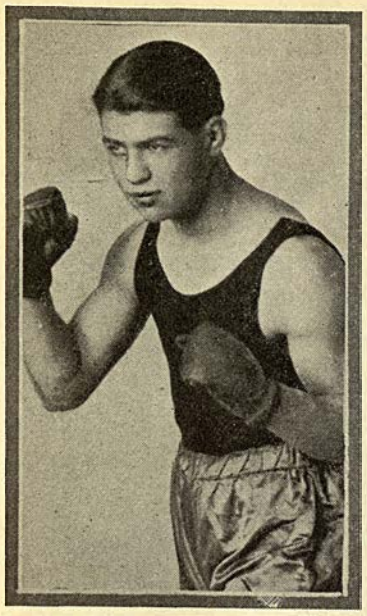
Jackie Brady, Syracuse featherweight, now fighting in New York

Petie Mack, Jersey City crack featherweight

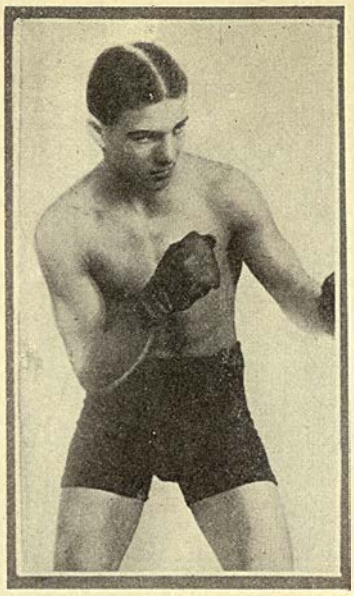


Sammy Shack, former amateur flyweight who is doing good work

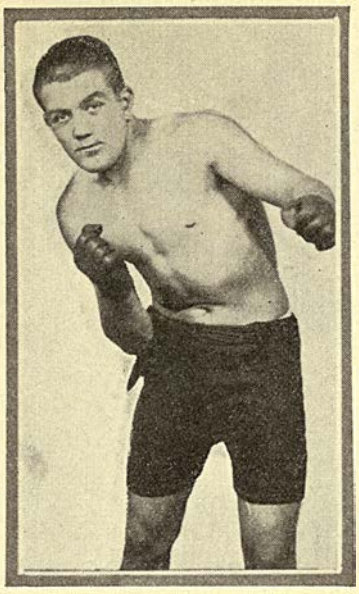
Jack Turner, middleweight champion of Washington, D. C.



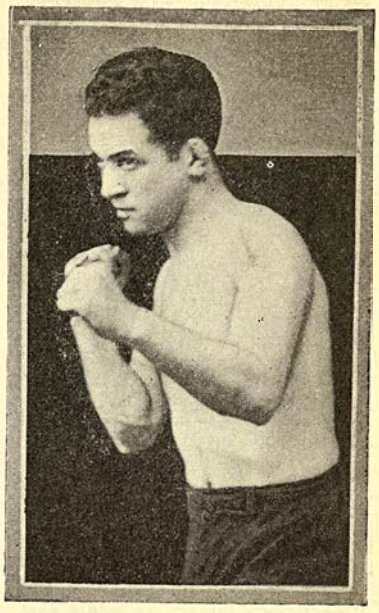
Joey Silvani, Tommy Furey's New York crack light heavyweight



Henry Goldberg, promising featherweight from Brooklyn



Buck Fleming, a husky Philadelphia battler



Sammy Hewitt, a rising young Eastern battler

Jack O'Leary, local 130 pounds boy, will be seen in action against some suitable opponent. Jack is a brother to the famous lightweight Jimmy O'Leary who has defeated Recich Cross, Ralph Gruman and many others.

Babe Morton is anxious to take on Frankie Grandetta, champion flyweight of the Pacific Coast.

Young Britton, local welterweight, will soon be in action again. In his last fight with Ernie Woodard, both were knocked down the same time and had the fans on their feet throughout the entire bout.

Jimmy De Laney knocked out Ray Pelky, tough Californian in the fifth round at the Armory here a few weeks ago. In their first meeting Pelky broke Delaney's nose and the bout going the full ten rounds.

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP

By BILLIE LEWIS

Mike Harding, popular northside manager, states that Young Zabish is ready for work again after three months' layoff with a broken hand. Zabish is a good drawing card and has always pleased. Fans will always remember the tough fight he gave Cuddy De Marco.

With Young Henny, the fighting bank clerk; Kid Carpenter, of New Kensington, and Young Zabish, Harding has a stable that should be busy all winter. Hustling Mike will see to it that his boys get their cakes regular.

Just about the time that promoters get ready to give Dick Hyland, of Buffalo, work they have to look all over to see who is his manager. He has made three changes in the short time he has been in Pittsburgh and lost his first fight last week at McKeesport. Get wise Dick, and stay with one manager.

The two famous Johns, McGarvey and Bell, have reopened Motor Square Garden. Cuddy De Marco fought "Pep" O'Brien, of Philadelphia, in the first show.

Eddie Sawdey, Erie lightweight, is now making Pittsburgh his home. He may hang up the gloves to take a whirl at the music game.

Big Boy Hunt triumphed in his first start as an amateur when he knocked out three men and won a local amateur heavy title. After a few more fights as a simon pure he will go after the money. Hunt is only 21 years old and stands 6 feet 2 inches and weighs 196 pounds. He is a willing pupil and should go far in the game.

Jim McGuir is now getting a few good breaks and his show last week was good and well attended.

Tom Panando, Fayette City manager, is bringing Johnny King along fast and if Tom don't rush him he has a real good boy. Tom had better keep him away from Eddie Shevlin for awhile.

It seems strange that Homer Robertson is not used by the promoters oftener. He always fights from the tap of the gong and is a perfect gentleman at all times and a credit to his race.

Bunny Lewis, fighting ghost, is now in Boston and matched for four fights in Beantown. He ought to go big in Boston for he always pleases.

McGowey, of Motor Square, is looking for a good boy to box Harry Greb. Why not bring Pat McCarthy, of Boston, to Pittsburgh? McCarthy was matched with Greb for Boston, but the Massachusetts Commission suspended Greb after the Kid Norfolk fight and that put the McCarty-Greb fight off.

Another boy the Pittsburgh fight fans flock to see is Eddie Shevlin and no doubt McGowey will bring him here soon. Shevlin showed at Motor Square Garden four times last winter.

KID MURPHY'S SON

By EDDIE McFARLAND

In the November issue of The Ring, there appeared a story by Spider Kelly under the heading of Mysterious Billy Smith on ring behavior. In his story Mr. Kelly mentions the fact that at the present time there are three sons of famous fighters of yesterday now boxing with the hopes of attaining the position once occupied by their renowned dads.

The three mentioned are Young Bob Fitzsimmons, Billy Smith and Casper Leon, Jr.

Through some reason Mr. Kelly failed to mention the name of Tommy (Kid) Murphy, son of Kid Murphy, who was an old fourth warder of the Alfred E. Smith, Tom Foley District in New York City, and who was recognized some twenty years ago as the 105 pound champion.

In saying Murphy has made more progress, I feel duly right as his record will show newspaper victories over Harry Batt. Tenard, Pal Moore, Danny Edwards, Mickey Delmont, Sammy Seiger, Willey Kohler Tommy Noble, Young Brown of the Pacific Coast, who stopped Tommy O'Brien, of Milwaukee, and got a referee's decision over Lew Paluso at Providence, R. I. Paluso is one of the six boys selected to fight it out for the title vacated by Dundee.

While on this subject I might mention the fact that the Police Gazette some time ago said that the elder Murphy is a bond broker in Boston while Francis Albertani of the New York Evening Telegram, said that Murphy is now conducting a pool room in Trenton. The fact is that Murphy, who is now totally blind, engages in no form of work at all with the exception of managing his son with the aid of James Pinto, who has trained the younger Murphy for all his ring battles.

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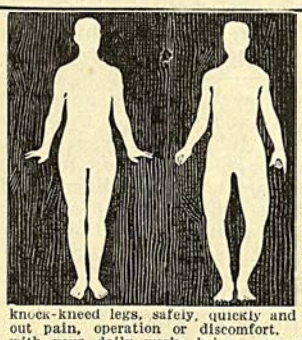

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Write today for my free copyrighted physiological and anatomical book which tells you how to correct bow and knock-kneed legs without any obligation on your part. Enclose a dime for postage.

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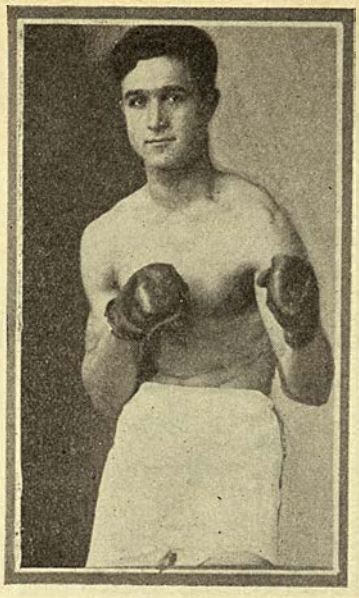
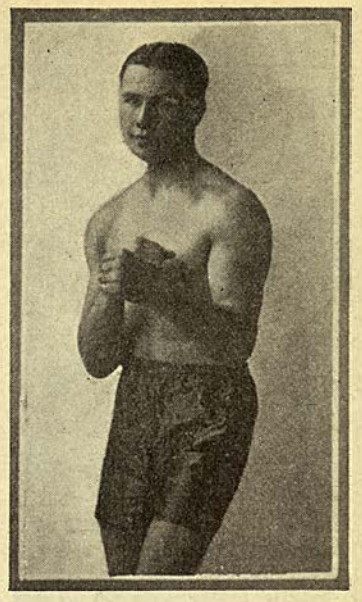
Tony Fuente, Mexican, who conquered Floyd Johnson

Les Price, English heavyweight, imported by Tex O'Rourke



Willie Gianier, formerly Wilylie Mack, a New York featherweight



Paul Gulotta, former N. Y. State amateur champion, now a pro

EASTERN CANADA BOXING NOTES
By JACK MASON

The Commercial A. C. of St. John, N. B., staged what was undoubtedly the most exciting main bout ever seen in St. John when on October 20, Johnny McIntyre of St. John and Chris Newton of Toronto battled ten hard rounds with the decision going to McIntyre although the referee declared for a draw. Unquestionably, the worst Newton should have gotten was a draw. He did most of the forcing starting with the fourth round.

St. John is fast getting the same reputation as Halifax in favoring the local boys. The Commercial A. C. matchmaker, Jim McNulty, is doing splendidly. He provides nothing but the best. McNulty has yet to offer a bloomer. The shows deserve much larger attendances than are prevailing. The top notch house in St. John in the history of boxing has been only about $1,200, and that was the costly Frankie Bull-Johnny McIntyre bout on September 22. Somehow or other St. John has not developed into a real boxing centre as expected.

Conditions in the boxing game in Halifax are not favorable although shows are being held frequently. The houses are disappointing. Up to about four years ago, Halifax was one of Canada's best boxing towns. Mike McTigue got some pretty good money in Halifax, where he boxed a number of bouts including one against Jeff Smith. The outlook is that things will not improve during the winter.

Jimmy Cox of New York may meet Johnny McIntyre of St. John in St. John this month. They were to have boxed in St. John for the Commercial A. C. but it understood that McIntyre wasn't anxious to meet Cox, on the ground that Cox was too heavy. Cox is said to be willing to make 142 pounds.

Collie Kane of New Waterford and Clyde McGinnis of Halifax boxed for the Commercial A. C. in St. John recently. Kane received the decision. It was Kane's first appearance in St. John. An effort is being made to develop the little fellows in the maritime provinces. In the past the bantams have not been very active in this territory.

NOTES FROM ROCHESTER, N. Y.
By ROCKY CONTI

Mike Conroy, conquerer of Battling Siki, had an easy time in defeating Don Rainey of Chicago on October 15, and was quickly matched to box Tom Gibbons at Dayton, Ohio, later in the month.

Chubby Brown made his debut recently as a junior welterweight and easily defeated Lew Kid Lewis of Montreal in the main event of an all-star boxing show. Brown has met practically every leading lightweight in the boxing game and now wants to meet Lew Tendler or Pinky Mitchell.

Osk Till, a newcomer to the local fans, also made his debut before the local fans and sure did make a hit by boxing a draw with Johnny Ward of Buffalo. Till showed championship calibre and will be ranged highly if properly cared for by Manager Elmer Wiedrick.

Phil Verdi, Rochester's promising bantamweight, hopped to Erie, Pa., on October 24 and easily defeated Chuck Feldman of New York. Verdi recently gave Irish Johnny Curtin a tough battle and may soon be rematched for a return bout.

Speedy K. O. Sparks of Cincinnati, Ohio, the most feared welterweight who has appeared before the local fans in some time, has returned to Rochester and has placed himself under the management of Bill Nickoletts, who also handles Alfe Wade, the Canadian lightweight. Sparks is a southpaw and has won 90 per cent of his battles by the k. o. route.

Nick Mendo, Rochester's popular manager who is piloting Tommy Taylor, Joe Taylor, Joe Russell and several other boys, showed the local fans a new youngster in Mike Maccells, a flyweight who defeated Joe Grimm at the last boxing show and recently floored Kid Vick, the Buffalo flyweight.

SOUTHWESTERN NEW YORK STATE
By LEN CARLSON

On October 1 at the Franklin Club in Franklin, Pa., Bert Schneider and Lou Kid Lewis staged a pretty three-round exhibition for the benefit of the club members.

At McKeesport, Pa., on October 9 Bert Schneider, being stiff and tired from his fight at Johnstown five days before, jumped in against Johnny King and lost the verdict. Schneider was not in the best shape. Schneider is anxious to face King in a return bout and hopes that the McKeesport promoters will grant him the privilege.

Lou Kid Lewis, the Lachine, Quebec, lightweight, seems to be the minute man of the ring as he has taken matches on but twenty hours' notice in his last three battles. At Rochester, N. Y., Lewis jumped in against Chubby Brown and lost the decision, and again at Buffalo Lewis took the match against Joe Hall in place of Teddy Myers and again lost the verdict, which did not meet with the approval of the fans.

Lou Kid Lewis lost the decision to Jack McFarland of Newark, N. J., in one of the best bouts seen in the Salt City. Lewis made a big hit in that city and will be seen in return bouts at the Arena.

Tony Brown of Jamestown, a game and willing chap, was knocked out by Carl La Mana of Syracuse in the third round of a scheduled six-round match on the same night Lewis and McFarland traded blows.

On October 3 at Johnstown, Pa., Bert Schneider won the decision over Jimmy Muche of Niles, O.

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BUFFALO BOXING NOTES
By HUGH SHANNON

Jimmy Slattery, sensational young middleweight, won his last two starts in Buffalo easily, whipping Norm Genet to the queen's taste and walloping Jack Lynch in every round. Slattery's rousing victory over Jack Delaney in New York also put the young Buffalo scrapper in the limelight in the metropolis.

Slattery will probably get a shot at Berlenbach in the Big Town soon and local fans will string with Jimmy to win over "Punching Paul." They all figure Slats is too fast for Berlenbach.

Rocky Kansas conquered Luis Vincentini in their return go at the Velodrome club here. The Chilean handed Kansas his first real knockout at the Queensboro club, Long Island, last Summer but Kansas outboxed the South American fighter in their match in Buffalo. Vincentini has a wicked punch and had Kansas groggy several times but he could not connect as he did in New York. The bout was over the ten round route here whereas the New York scrap was for fifteen rounds. Kansas can still go a fast ten rounds but tires after the tenth. He should do all his fighting in ten round bouts hereafter.

Frankie Schoell beat Augie Ratner here and now none of the middleweights want any part of Buffalo's welterweight champion. Schoell is one fighter who doesn't care a rap what the other fellow weighs. He can make 147 but fights 'em at middleweight or light-heavyweight.

Jimmy Goodrich is boxing well around New York. He is a steady, winning fighter but doesn't seem able to get in the real money.

Tommy Ryan, Buffalo bantam star, may be matched here with Abe Goldstein in a return go this winter. Ryan gave Goldstein a terrific battle for the title in New York last summer and some of the critics thought the worst Ryan should have received was a draw. Ryan is confident that he can beat the champion, next time he meets him.

Jack Zalice, Milwaukee lightweight, is in town. He is a good, rugged scrapper and will make some money around these parts.

Frankie Mason, former flyweight champion, boxing in great form, was given a draw with Kid Vick, local champion, on the Q. A. C. card, Oct. 27. The papers here were unanimous in giving Mason the verdict. The exchamp can still step a merry pace.

Louis Stegmeier, promising young East Side baker-boy, knocked out Tim Healy, in two rounds, at the Queensberry club. Stegmeier acts and fights like a coming champion. This winter should see him close to the top. He is a great card around here.

Ted Joyce has quit the ring. The Toronto bantam was one of the best in the country a year and a half ago but he took on weight rapidly and was unable to get it off. He wisely gave up the boxing game, rather than get punched around by third raters whom he could stop in a round a year or so ago.

Jack Dempsey, gentleman and champion, was in town during the week of Oct. 21. Dempsey was the big star at Loew's theatre and he went over great. Dempsey boxed every performance and if the champion has lost any of his speed and ability I cannot see it. He is as fast on his feet as a bantamweight and punches with amazing quickness and accuracy. Anyone who knows Jack Dempsey cannot help liking the big fellow. He is polished and has a manner of making everyone he meets happy that they have shaken hands with the champion.

Damon Runyon, celebrated sports writer, was in Buffalo for a couple of days the same time Dempsey was here. Runyon wrote a story about Buffalo classifying this city as one of the six great sport centers of the U. S. Mr. Runyon is right. Buffalo is close to the top when it comes to sports.

HEARD IN OMAHA

Fred Cullen, the clever hard-hitting Pacific Coast middleweight and lightweight champion, who has been campaigning around the west has joined the Jack Lewis stable of high class boxers and will make his home in Omaha from now on.

Cullen comes from the Coast with a record that entitles him to box any of the top-notchers in his division, which is 160 up to 175 pounds.

Cullen has a record of thirty-five victories and three draws. This is really a great record for a youngster who has just passed his twenty-first birthday.

Cullen has been boxing less than three years and has won over the best boys obtainable including Dynamite George, three times; Red Uhlen, three times; Bert Tribbey, Midnight Edmundson, Bert Colima; losing the first and winning the second, thereby winning the Pacific Coast title.

VERSUS FATE
By H. C. VAN BUSKIRK

HAS Battlin' Fate ever socked yuh
And has almost laid yuh low?
Has yer luck been bad; yer courage hurt
By a nasty, stingin' blow?

Have you been slugged across Life's ring
And knocked clean through the ropes?
And did that hurt yer fightin' heart,
And almost blast yer hopes?

Fer th' love of Mike, don't get downcast,
Don't be a hopeless tramp!
Look around, I'm sure yuh'll find
A lesson in the Champ.

Right *now's* the time fer you to fight
An' show th' world yer style,
An' when yuh start yer sluggin' bee
Just wear a cheery smile.

The world will love yuh for that smile
For fans like a cheery grin.
The man who smiles and gamely fights,
Is the man who invariably wins.

MONTREAL NOTES
By EMELL

Frankie Bull, of Toronto, the Canadian lightweight champion, dropped a decision to Ted Cossette, of this city, in a bout that was billed for the title. The match, however, was made at 138 pounds so that may cause a controversy on Cossette's claim. Cossette came in under the lightweight limit, weighing 134½ to 137½ for Bull. It was a good fight and would pack 'em in for a return at 135 for fifteen rounds.

The dramatic moment of the night had arrived. The packed Monument National waited breathlessly while the judges were summing up their slips, then handed them to the announcer, who hesitated a moment and walked over to Billie Defoe and rised his right arm in token of victory.

That was the signal for 2,000 fans to create one of the wildest and noisest demonstrations ever heard in a local boxing club. No wonder, the decision was given against Leo (Kid) Roy, featherweight champion of Canada and picked by no less a fight critic than Tex Rickard, as an entry in the featherweight elimination tournament.

It was unbelievable, Roy, their own Leo, to lose a decision, the first one in his brilliant local career. That was the climax to one of the best fights seen here in years. Defoe, who was considered a junior lightweight for quite some time came in at 126½ pounds to 128 for Roy.

In the writer's opinion the New York State Boxing Commission made a mistake when they overlooked the names of Roy and Defoe, who can both make the featherweight limit and give their feather tournament choices the fights of their lives. It was announced before the main bout that Kid Durand, Canadian flyweight champion, would meet Wee Willie Woods.

Woods was secured after efforts were made to obtain Corporal Izzy Schwartz. Schwartz could not take the match on account of being signed to box Johnny Breslin in New York. Schwartz, however, has accepted terms to box Durand at a later date, providing the latter beats the punching Scotchman. Durand and Schwartz should draw a pretty good house as this match has been hanging fire for a couple of months.

Ralph McNaughton, the crack Quebec bantam, keeps bowling them over like duckpins. Within fourteen days Mac has knocked out Tommy Burns, of England, in two rounds and Jimmy Knox, of Montreal, in five, bringing his batting average up to twenty-one knock-outs out of forty-one battles. Not so bad for a kid just three years in the game.

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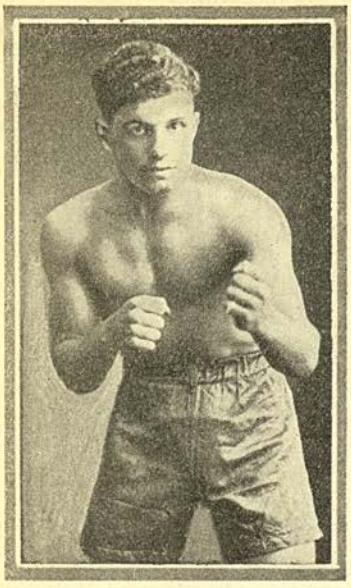
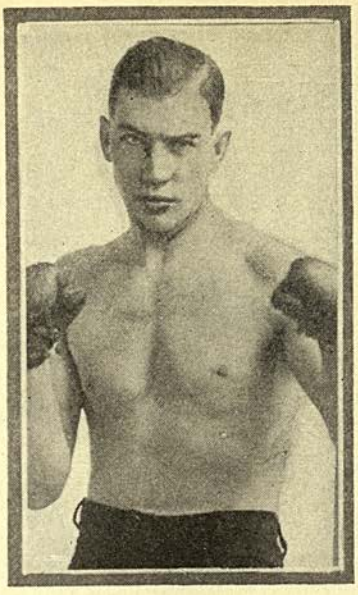
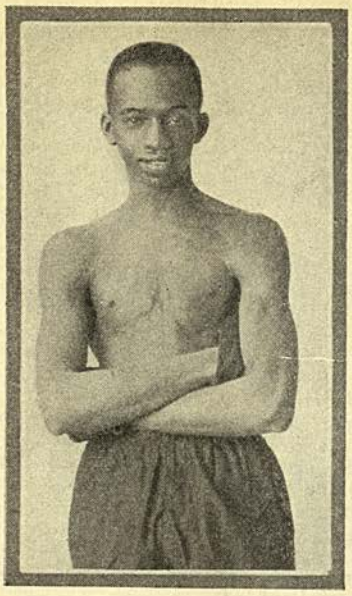


Chick Empone, classy scrapper who hails from Trenton, N. J.



Al Baird, Kansas City middleweight, with a hetfy punch



Al Brown, called a second George Dixon. He came to New York from Panama

Harry Herron, one of the best bantams developed in California

WEST COAST NOTES

By TOM STEVENS

Tod Morgan, the Pacific Coast featherweight champion commenced his winter campaign with an impressive victory over Joe Gorman of Portland in Seattle. This dynamic youngster is about the cleverest piece of boxing machinery ever seen in action on the Coast. He is but nineteen years of age and is handled by his father, Fred Morgan, who is contemplating an Eastern invasion pending the outcome of Tod's next appearance in the Queen City.

Joe Benjamin, the "Stockton Sheik" and stablemate of Jack Dempsey has hit the straight and narrow path and has finally decided to gather in some dinero before it is too late. The handsome boy has convinced himself that carousing has brought him no further than he was two years ago and is now making a bid for some real money. Joe is a crowd pleaser and a good boxer and is always a card. He let lots of money slip through his manicured fingers by his long layoff, but should make up for lost time with his present schedule.

The sailor, Eddie Huffman, whom Eastern critics are raving about, is certainly a find and should a real manager get him when he is discharged they will have a great prospect. He is the best man produced by Uncle Sam since Tom Sharkey shook the sea dust off his heels, and would prove to be a great money maker for some good handler. He harbors a terrific sock in both hands and has a fair knowledge of boxing.

Like many other of the salt water boys he does not train right. He never hits the road and therefore does not develop his body in proportion. He looks a little muscle bound, but is a conscientious worker. He has scored 19 knockouts in his 24 ring engagements. Not yet twenty years of age, he has defeated some of the best light heavyweights on the Coast and is holder of the Navy belt.

Another one of the Navy's ,nds is Ritchie King, the lightweight on board the U. S. S. Maryland. This kid looks to be a corker when properly developed and should go a long ways. He is handled by a capable trainer in Boatswain Gus Kuppens, who turned out Jack Silver, the Pacific Coast champion. King has lost one fight in his short career, but does most of his boxing around Los Angeles, the winter home of the Battle Fleet. Ritchie is quite a card around the Movie City and draws well on his appearances there.

Roccon Stramaglia, who was the center of attraction prior to the Gibbons-Dempsey fiasco at Shelby, turned out to be one of the year's biggest bloomers. He was knocked over by Ted Snyder in Seattle in the third round in the semi windup to the Morgan Gorman affair. How the public was fooled on that bird. He tripped and butted Dempsey, but got more publicity than Jack did himself for the battle.

With the coming of winter, Eastern boxers have started to pour into California. Many of the boxers from the big town had better accustom themselves to the four-round racket before attempting a shot at the Coasters. The reason for poor showings of New Yorkers here can be attributed to the short contests. West Coast fans demand lots of action, and can be accommodated in the course of twelve minutes.

However, for the Eastern lad, who is a slow starter, having been used to the ten and fifteen-round game, the possibility of getting going in the first or second round is very difficult, as there is no "feeling out" on the Coast. When the first bell rings, action commences, and the same prevails for the entire twelve minutes. The same goes for the Coasters invading the East. They start off with a rush and wind up out of wind, many times with disastrous results.

Frankie Munroe, the California featherweight doing so well in New York, was deliberately avoided by the Coast Boys. Frankie has quite a lot of class and reserved speed, and the feathers out here were well aware of that fact and could not see him as an opponent.

San Francisco needs some good wide-awake promoter and needs one badly. The pair doing business at Dreamland are using the same antique methods in making matches that almost ruined the game there some time ago. It seems as though they use everybody the public does not want and for that reason are doing poor business. Frisco fans want to see some real men in action.

This is evident, judging from the way the Bay City rooters journey over to Oakland every Wednesday. Tommy Simpson knows what the crowd wants and gives it to them. This idea of catering to one certain gang is all bunk, and it's about high time that outfit at Dreamland would wise up to the fact that they are losing out.

Nate Druxman, of Seattle, and Jack Doyle, of Los Angeles, are responsible for giving their crowds the best that money can buy on the Coast. Druxman has used such men as Floyd Johnson, Tiny Herman, Joe Simonich and Joe Benjamin, while Doyle has imported some of the best in the East. If you give the public talent, they will respond with the admission prices, but Barnum's method is out of style. Fans are wising up to ham and eggers being billed as "champs."

The new club at Wilmington, California, is doing nice business now. This is the fifth club that is being supported by Los Angeles, not to mention the dozen small ones around there. California likes boxing and will like it better when the distance contests are in effect.

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WITH THE FOUR ROUNDERS—LOS ANGELES AND VICINITY
By BENNY SONORA

Sammy Mandell, crack eastern lightweight proved a sensation in the four round game here. In his last start he gave Johnny Adams, Pacific coast lightweight champion a sound lacing.

George Marks, who just returned from New York where he fought Pancho Villa for the world's bantam weight crown, and was defeated, has entered the bantam weight contest for the championship of the Pacific Coast in progress at the Hollywood American Legion Arena.

Floyd Johnson, heavyweight, who, at one time was hailed as a championship contender was beaten in a bout with Tony Fuente, Mexican heavyweight sensation.

Fidel La Barba, Olympic flyweight champpion, made his debut into the professional four round game here Oct 14. La Barba handed Frankie Grandetta of Portland, a good thrashing. He won as he pleased. La Barba is claimed as the boy who will lick both Villa and Genaro.

Dixie La Hood, a bantam product of Montana is here. In his first start he beat Felix Villamore, a highclass fighter in one of the best fights held in San Pedro. La Hood will next meet Pico Ramies, a boy who holds a decision over Dandy Dillion. Matchmaker Lucos is trying to hook up Roy Jefferies of Chicago for the winner. Jefferies is a good drawing card with the San Pedro fans.

Fred "Windy" Windsor has a new one in Tony Fuente Mexican conqueror of Floyd Johnson. Windsor claims that Fuente has more class than Dempsey when the champion broke into the fighting game. Fuente sure has an awful sock. His last six fights he has won by knockouts. Windsor has received a message from Tex Rickard to bring Fuente east.

Buddy Taylor, Terre Haute bantamweight, won the decision over Georgie Rivers of Los Angeles in the main at Vernon on October 7. Taylor dislocated his shoulder in the second round, but rather than lose, he went through with the fight. Taylor won many friends by his display of courage.

CHICAGO BOXING NEWS
By ART WINCH

The new club at East Chicago, with Marten Mullaney acting as matchmaker, staged its first show recently, featuring Eddie Shea and Pete Sarmiento. Shea won the popular newspaper decision. Every local paper voted the fight the best of the season. This pair made such a hit with the fans that Mullaney is trying to rematch them for an early date in December.

The semi-final between Ace Hudkins, of Omaha, and Frankie Schaeffer, of Chicago, was another sensational fight. The experts picked Hudkins as the sure winner, but Schaeffer upset the dope and won the popular decision in all of the papers.

The six rounder between Charles Raymond, of France, and Morris King, of St. Louis, was another corker. Raymond made his first appearance here under the management of Buck Montgomery. They have been rematched by popular demand.

The show was a great boost to boxing around Chicago, as every bout was a good one. Mullaney is angling for some big matches for the fall season which is sure to be a big one here. On November 7 Ted Moore fought Joe O'Hara.

Eddie Kane and Eddie Long have parted, Long taking Bud Taylor, Eddie Anderson, and Kane hanging on to Tommy Gibbons and Sammy Mandel. They split the best of friends and will continue to operate from Chicago.

Harold Smith, who has been laid up with a broken hand for a couple of months, has taken it out of the cast and will be ready to work again shortly. His first match will be with Chick Allman, at Lansing, Mich., ten rounds. Another match that is in the making is with Connie Curry, at Sioux City, Iowa. After these two matches Smith will be ready to perform in the East.

Warnie Smith, one of the logical opponents for Mickey Walker, was offered a bout in Milwaukee with the welter champion, but his manager Ray Alvis refused the bout as the New York Commission wired him that he woud be barred if Smith boxed Walker. Smith has been laid up with a bad hand. A certain scrapper who has been beaten by every good fighter in the west, tried to get himself some publicity by broadcasting that Smith ran out on him.

CHAMPIONS AND MOVIES
By RAY HOPPMAN

THE old fashioned pug
Never cared for his mug,
His part in the old fistic game
Was to wallop and clout
Till he knocked his man out,
And the bouts in those days were not tame.

He didn't give a hang
If his nose got a bang
Or if blows on his headpiece were showered—
Or if both of his eyes
Swelled up three times their size,
And his ears always were cauliflowered.

But the modern young man
Guards his face, if he can,
And the reason is readily seen,
For a man can't be starred
If his face is all scarred,
That would not look well on the screen.

When they enter the ring
They just think of one thing
And of that they are very exacting,
They can hear the coin clink
When of movies they think
For all pug champs take to screen acting.

Connie Curry, the little bantam with the million-dollar personality, has fully recovered from his illness and is ready for any of the bantams. Curry has plenty of offers and he is sure to be the sensation of the little fellows this fall. Remember the name Connie Curry.

Al Dundee, who showed here with Harold Smith at Aurora, and made a hit with the Chicago fans, is matched to meet Frankie Genaro, flyweight champion, at Mansfield, Ohio. There is some dispute on the Dundee-Smith bout, some saying that Dundee had a slight shade and others say that Smith had a shade. So the only way to settle the argument is to rematch the boys. Johnny Newton, formerly A. E. F. welterweight champion, is handling Dundee. He is trying to get a local club to rematch them.

Eddie Shea, the little Italian of the west side, is the latest sensation in Chicago. He is a magnet at the box office any time he starts. He made a host of friends in his last fight with Pete Sarmiento, who was a two to one favorite. Ray Alvis took Shea three months ago when it was impossible to get him a fight here. He has changed his style of battling. He looks like the best boy turned out in Chicago since the days of Benny Yanger.

Joe O'Hara, the Iowa middleweight, had some trouble with the Wisconsin Boxing Commission when he was booked with Mickey Walker at Milwaukee. The board claimed that O'Hara was too light, but his manager Jack O'Keefe says that it was a case of either the promoter or the champion trying to get out of a bad match. Among some of the boys O'Hara has boxed are Dave Shade, Johny Karr, Jack Britton, and gave Cowboy Padgett a worse beating than Walker did.

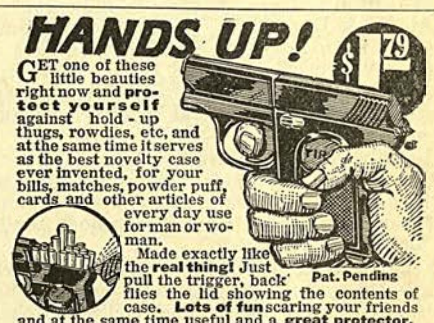
The Mullen Loop gymnasum i a very busy place these days. Harry Hochstadter, manager, is securing all the champions to work out there. He has made several good improvements. It is one of the best ventilated and heated gyms in the west.

"Society" Kid Hogan, who at one time looked like the best lightweight prospect in America, has turned out to be a manager. He has two very good looking prospects in Babe Barron, featherweight, and Jack Feltheim, a welter. Hogan has many good offers for his boys and he is sure to keep them busy.

Pal Moore, the Chicago bantam, has gone back to his old manager Harry Hochstadter, and Harry has three fights lined up for him on the coast. Moore will leave at once for California. Billy Gibson had him last.

Milwaukee promoters seem to be making a mistake by not using more of the Chicago boys on their cards, as Chicago fans always turn out when local boys are used. There is plenty of good talent here. Eddie Shea with Pete Sarmiento or Joey Sangor would draw big crowds. Harold Smith with Goldstein or Connie Curry would also draw from here. This is only a suggestion and the Milwaukee promoters can take it for whatever it is worth.

East Chicago had Morrie Schlaiffer and Billy Wells booked for October 31, but on account of illness of the latter the club canceled the show. This bout would have drawn a capacity house and no doubt will be offered later in the season.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Questions and Answers

By CLARENCE GILLESPIE

Reginald Foster, Norfolk, Va.
Q.—Did Leo P. Flynn ever manage Johnny Dundee?
A.—No.

R. G. L., Highland, N. J.
Q.—Is Cannon Ball Eddie Martin a featherweight or a junior lightweight?
A.—Bantamweight.

Herbert Brodt, Baltimore, Md.
Q.—In order to fight in New York State, must a boxer first obtain a license? If so from whom?
A.—Yes. Apply to State Boxing Commission.

Jerome Seiler, Duluth, Minn.
Q.—How old is Romero Rojas? What was his most important bout?
A.—Twenty-eight; Floyd Johnson, by whom Rojas was knocked out.

R. Foote, Philadelphia.
Q.—Where is Irish Patsy Cline from?
A.—Harlem.

Antonio Parade, N. Y. C.
Q.—What nationality is Tommy Milton and who is his manager?
A.—Milton is an Italian flyweight and his manager is Johnny Keyes.

A Fan, Jersey City, N. J.
Q.—Did Harry Martone ever k. o. Willie Harmon?
A.—No.
Q.—Has Jack Stark quit fighting?
A.—Yes.
Q.—Was Willie O'Connell ever k. o.'d in the amateurs?
A.—No.

S. Rosenbaum, New York City.
Q.—When did Sammy Vogel start boxing in the amateurs? How long is he boxing professionally?
A.—1919. Four years.

Charles H., New York City.
Q.—Kindly let me know who is the present A. A. U. bantamweight champion?
A.—Harry Williams, Yonkers, N. Y.

Charley Jones, Gas House, New York.
Q.—To decide a bet will you tell me if Scotty Montieth was matchmaker of Madison Sq. Garden? Who is?
A.—No. Frank Flournoy.

Reader, Hoboken, N. J.
Q.—Who is Larry Estridge's manager?
A.—Jack Dougherty, of three-finger fame.

One of the Boys, the Bronx, New York.
Q.—Where can I locate Benny Leonard?
A.—Office of manager Billy Gibson, Liggett Bldg., 42nd Street and Madison Avenue, New York City.

Joseph J. Cowan, Little Ferry, N. J.
Q.—What was Jack Dempsey's hardest fight before and after he became champion?
A.—Four rounder against Gunboat Smith at San Francisco, 1917.

Solly from the Roaring Forties, New York.
Q.—Who won the popular decision between Knockout Brown and Willie Beecher, at the Olympic Club, during the Frawley Law days?
A.—Beecher.
Q.—Did Larry Estridge knock out Georgie West? When? Where?
A.—Estridge stopped West at Commonwealth last winter.
Q.—Is Dick Loadman still in the fighting game? How can I reach his manager?
A.—Loadman has retired.
Q.—Who did Joe Ryder knock out in his last bout?
A.—Joe Ryder defeated Danny Lee in last fight, no knockout.
Q.—Who is Charley Goodman's manager?
A.—Leo P. Flynn.
Q.—What nationality are the following: Jack Renault, Frankie Ritchie, Bill Henry, Sonny Cashin, Dick Loadman, Al Shubert?
A.—Renault, Canadian; Henry, American; Loadman, American; Shubert, American; Ritchie, Italian-American; Cashin, Irish-American.

Charles Woods, Jamaica, L. I.
Q.—What is Jack Dempsey's correct name?
A.—We have no baptismal records, but he is known as William Harrison Dempsey.

Reader.
Q.—Was Ike Weir ever a champion? His weight? Was he from Elizabeth, N. J.?
A.—Weir claimed title in 1889—fought Frank Murphy, of England, eighty-round draw. Beaten for title by Billy Murphy, of Australia, on coast in 1890. Weighed 118 pounds. Came from Lurgan, near Belfast, Ireland.

Harry E. Brown, Philadelphia.
Q.—I would like to know if you think a man twenty-nine years old, who has done considerable boxing, is too old to enter the ring?
A.—Yes, although there are a number of fellows who made good under similar conditions.

Al Troise, Brooklyn.
Q.—What are the correct names of Sam Langford, Harry Wills, Sam McVey, Joe Jeannette, Peter Jackson, Jack Johnson?
A.—Sam Langford, Harry Wills, Sam McVey, Joe Jeannette, Peter Jackson, Jack Johnson.

M. Kenny, N. Y. City.
Q.—Was Gene Tunney k. o.'d in his first fight as a professional? Did Bob Duff turn the trick?
A.—No. Never heard of a fighter named Bob Duff.

Reader, Wilmington, Del.
Q.—What is Tommy Loughran's right name?
A.—Thomas Loughran.

Joe Bernandini, N. Y. City.
Q.—Let me have some details about Hugo Kelly, the old-time heavyweight?
A.—Born Feb. 10, 1883, Florence, Italy. Middleweight. Fought Stanley Ketchell for title and was knocked out in three rounds, July 31, 1908, San Francisco.

Alexander Beraglia, New Britain, Conn.
Q.—When and where was Mickey Travers born? How long has he been fighting?
A.—New Haven, Conn. About five years.

R. Rehs, Philadelphia.
Q.—Who was the hardest hitter—Sullivan, Ketchel, Jeffries, Fitzsimmons or Kid McCoy?
A.—In our opinion, Ketchel.

Charles Faber, San Francisco.
Q.—What was the date of the McFarland-Gibbons fight? Who was the winner at Sheepshead Bay? Was McFarland doing a comeback? What were the ages of the contestants?
A.—August, 1915. It was staged at Brighton Beach. No decision, ten rounds. No. Gibbons, 37; McFarland, 38.

S. J. T., New York City.
Q.—Who was the greatest heavyweight champion of the old-timers?
A.—John L. Sullivan.

Paul Onello, New York City.
Q.—Is Sid Terris cleverer than Sammy Mandell?
A.—Yes.

CORRECTIONS

We are sorry that in the last issue of THE RING in this column two errors appeared. One was that Joe Goddard was a negro and the other that Tommy Milton was never knocked out.

Goddard was a white man and Milton was knocked out by Al Brown in 29 seconds.

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